



Only I Am Not Attacked In A World Overflowing With Zombies

Zombie no Afureta Sekai de Ore Dake ga Osowarenai

ゾンビのあふれた世界で俺だけが襲われない

Status : 55 Chapters (Hiatus/Dropped)

Synopsis :

In the today's society which is destroyed by zombies, there is only one man that is not attacked by a zombie, and this story follows a man's selfishly lifestyle.

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# Tokiko Kurose



## 黒瀬 時子

TOKIKO KUROSE

雄介のマンションの同じ階に住むOL。

根暗な文学少女がそのまま成長したような姿で、  
黒髪をゆるく三つ編みにして垂らしている。

ゾンビ化していたため、雄介の玩具にされる。



Takemura Yusuke





## 武村 雄介

YUSUKE TAKEMURA

主人公。

サラリーマンとしてごく普通の社会生活を送っていたが、  
利己的で人嫌いの気がある。

世界の崩壊後、心の奥に虚無的なものを抱えながらも、  
好き勝手にサバイバル生活を満喫する。

ゾンビに襲われず、完全に無視されるという特徴を持つ。  
両親はなく、唯一の肉親である祖父は、二年前に交通事故で死亡している。

## Mitsuki Fujino



## 藤野 深月

MITSUKI FUJINO

ヒロイン。

長い黒髪、優等生然とした少女。

性格は素直だが、容姿に恵まれていたことから、  
周りに気をかけられることが常だった。

ぶしつけな態度を取る雄介に、戸惑いを隠せないでいる。

ソファで横になっていた少女はこちらに振り向き、目を見開いた。  
悲鳴をあげられそうなき開気を察し、雄介はなるべく友好的に話しかける。

「あー、こんにちは。お邪魔してるけど、怪しいもんじゃないよ」

藤野優

藤野隆司

藤野深月



Yuusuke pressed the doorbell to the suite besides his own and looked around the area.

If there were other people, he would have known. He intended to look for other residents for information. There was the web, but the information there wasn't reliable . Most doors to the neighboring suites were locked too.

(TL: This line was a bit weird .\_.)

Most people seem to have left the building.

The room that was three suites over was opened.

"Excuse me"

There was no answer.

It seemed to be empty.

The inside of the room was pitch black and a pair of woman's shoes were put at the front door.

I recall the appearance of the person who lived here.

If I was wasn't mistaken, it was a female office worker called Kurose.

She was a woman with a gloomy face with her black hair loosely braided, she also wore glasses.

We hardly spoke with each other. We would only greet each other when we pass by.

After hesitating a bit, I closed the door and took off my shoes and went through the doorway.

I turn on the lights and the room illuminates. As expected, there is nobody here.

Yuusuke felt like he was trespassing, but he went in anyways.

The layout of the room was exactly the same as Yuusuke's room. One bedroom with a dining room and kitchen.

The top of the dining table was clean, and seasonings and appliances

are carefully displayed in the kitchen.

There was a sliding door leading to another room in the kitchen and inside was a bed.

I inspected the room.

There were dim pink curtains inside the room.

The interior of the room had a laptop on a side table, a closet, and a dresser.

A stuffed cat was on the bed making the room feel more girly.

Yuusuke felt guilty for stepping into a girl's bedroom.

At that moment, I heard a slight noise.

".....!?"

I turned around quickly, and a woman with raven-black hair was standing at the doorway of the bedroom.

I wasn't wearing my glasses, so I couldn't tell what was happening.

It was the female office worker Kurose from this suite. She was wearing a black sweater and jeans.

"I-I-I'm sorry! There was no answer to the doorbell, so-"

I then noticed that Kurose was acting strange.

The room was dim, so I couldn't see a lot, but she was shaking.

"Ummm.."

Kurose turned around slowly and made her way to the front door.

Yuusuke stood still for a while, but then started to go after her.

The next thing that happened was Kurose was staring at the ground in front of the entrance.

"Kurose.....san?"

Scratch, scratch. The scratching noise fills the room.

Kurose scratched near the doorknob with her fingernails.

"What are you doing?"

Kurose didn't even react to me when I asked her.

Perhaps she was too concentrated on thinking about something.

Some of her hair was loosened, but she was a beautiful lady. People say that putting on glasses transformed the way you looked, but I didn't believe it until now. It was a little bit dark in the room, but the atmosphere became more serious.

Her face was not a natural color, but Yuusuke couldn't say that her face was gray either.

Kurose's eyes were bloodshot as she stared at the doorknob.

She began to scratch the door more roughly which caused tiny layers of paint from the door to come off.

I've scratched things with my fingernail many times before; however, this was a bit different than those times when I did it.

"Kurose-san?"

I cautiously tapped her shoulder as I called her name out.

The texture of her sweater was soft.

It felt soft like a girl.

She was wearing clothing, but her body temperature was really abnormal.

I put my hand up to her forehead to feel her temperature, but it was cold and there was no reaction.

Her body had extremely poor blood circulation and she was as cold as a mannequin.

I checked Kurose's carotid artery to look for a pulse as she continued to scratch the door.

There was no pulse.

"Are you serious....?"

Yuusuke couldn't believe that Kurose was dead because she looked alive and was still scratching.

I confirmed that she was not breathing. I put my hand against her chest with a bit of hesitation, but there was also no heartbeat.

She was dead.

I realized that she was like a grotesque figure in a zombie movie.

However, Kurose only looked like a normal human being with a few problems regarding her mental state.

As a matter of fact, Yuusuke didn't even notice, for a while, that she was only a moving corpse.

— Chapter 2 End —

## Chapter 3: "Zombie"

Yuusuke returned to his room to gather information from the internet.

"Technically, are they still the same person that was living.....?"

Even when they were infected with the zombie virus, their appearance doesn't seem to change.

No different between ordinary humans; beautiful zombies don't seem unusual.

That said, it is believed that this overall expands the amount of damage that happens to victims.

(TL: I believe the above 3 lines are implying that the beauty of the zombie can fool victims, or the appearance of the infected doesn't seem to differentiate from humans meaning you could be easily fooled by the look of the infected.) "However their atmosphere doesn't seem like that of a corpse."

At a funeral, looking at a corpse was motionless and lifeless but in this case, it felt like something alive.

"But..."

Questioning himself, he had his doubts.

"If they were zombies, why wasn't I attacked?"

It was written in the news site that zombies would attack people willingly.

There were no distinctions between the young and the old, it would just attack any human nearby regardless of their sex or appearance.

With the exception of animals, there were no cases where a man hadn't been attacked by zombies.

"Well... this is the internet." He told himself as he recalled the events with Kurose.

He has yet to be attacked by Kurose.

Thinking about that situation he then believed that there were zombies who wouldn't attack humans.

"Ahh... All this thinking is making me hungry..."

Because he spent most of his time inside, he was running low on food.

With the convenience store being nearby, Yuusuke hasn't gained the courage to step outside of his apartment.

He then headed to Kurose's room to grab something.

As soon as Yuusuke opened her door, he quickly turned around. He 'sensed' someone behind him.

"KEK- !?"

Right behind him was a middle aged man with clothes that were torn apart and a bloody wound could be seen on his neck.

Yuusuke was unable to stand up because of the sudden surprise and quickly sank down to the floor.

However the man gave no response to Yuusuke as he continued to look down on him waiting patiently.

After a thorough inspection from the man, he then seperated himself from Yuusuke.

The sound of his heart could be heard beating as he slowly recovered from the sudden surprise. He then glanced to the direction of where the man left.

"Was he a zombie too?"

Yuusuke then stood up and proceeded to chase after the man.

The pace of which the man was moving at was quite slow, so Yuusuke was able to catch up to the man.

"Excuse me!"

The words of Yuusuke didn't seem to give a reaction to the man.



Glancing at the mans wound, it looked as if a piece of his neck was bit off.

If you were to examine closely, you could see several injuries apart from his neck.

He looked seriously wounded..

Still, Yuusuke extended his hand and touched the man by the scruff of his neck.

It was ice cold.

"....."

Yuusuke then walked away silently, abandoning the man.

After returning to the front of Kurose's room, he sighed heavily.

"Seriously...."

It was doubtful to think about it at first, but this world was overrun by zombies.

His feelings were mixed, and then he moved towards Kurose's room.

He took off his shoes and searched the refrigerator for food.

After he had scavenged the refrigerator, he brought out some yogurt, mineral water, and an egg. He then boiled the egg with a nearby pot.

Finding some bread, he toasted it as well as scraped a layer of butter on it. Eating this quick meal, he enjoyed it happily.

Though he was clearly stealing from Kurose, it would be clear to say that she was already dead.

It was also wasteful to leave food to rot..

He thought to himself, If I remember correctly, Kurose was locked inside of the washroom.

(TL: Somehow she was in the bathroom... Don't question it.) I was surprised that she managed to get out of there while I was busy.

(TL: Okay from here on out, I am officially confused. If anyone knows the

true translation of this, feel free to comment it below as I have no idea what the hell is happening right now) I then walked inside of the bathroom.

"It's quite unpleasant that the electric gas doesn't work, but luckily the internet does."

It seemed that Japan's infrastructure hasn't been completely destroyed; as electricity was working as well as the internet.

Yuusuke felt replenished as he fully fed himself full to the stomach.

Where Kurose went was a mystery to Yuusuke, fortunately there was no signs of danger towards her health; as obviously, she was already dead.

Although one question remained in Yuusuke's mind.

Why hadn't the zombies attack him?

It was hard to understand; however, there was one thing he knew.

"For the time being.. No exploration for today."

—CHAPTER 3 END—

## Chapter 4: The mother and the child

Today, I'm about to do another neighborhood search, but this time outside.

Extra layers of clothes were worn. I had a leather jacket on the outside of my outfit to ensure that if I were to be bitten outside, the extra clothes would somewhat protect my skin.

I also wore some gloves and held a motorcycle helmet around my arms.

On my belt, I had a kitchen knife. It may be inefficient, but having a knife nearby brings comfort to myself.

In the middle of heading down the stairs of the apartment building, I also grabbed my motorcycle keys.

In the third floor, A sudden noise came from the end of the hallway.

When I went to check to see what had happened, three men could be seen clustered together in front of a door.

Just like with Kurose, door scratching sounds could be heard from them.

"What are they doing...?"

The clothes of the men were tattered and dirtied, they also gave off a strange atmosphere.

Still, Yuusuke turned towards them and spoke to them from afar.

"Excuse me, is everything alright?"

They gave no response to Yuusukes question.

Wondering if they were zombies, he questioned why they were surrounding such a door.

Suddenly, the movement of the men hastened. As one of them began to loudly smack the door.

Then, the faint scream of a woman could be heard in the inside of the room.

"Hello? Is there anyone in there?" Yuusuke cried out towards the direction of scream from the girl.

"Hey is anyone there? Are you guys alright? I'm speaking to you from the other side of the door."

A reply could be heard from the other end.

"Help!! We can't get out of here, please don't leave us!"

"Yes! Just hang on, I'll try something" Yuusuke said in excitement as this was the first human he had come into contact with.

Yuusuke then readily guarded himself, as he proceeded to rescue the woman.

He readily put his helmet on, equipping his knife for safety.

Yuusuke cautioned himself as these zombies may be the type to attacks humans. They didn't react to Yuusuke's voice, but he had to ensure safety.

"Is that what I think it is?"

What caught Yuusuke's attention was a fire extinguisher on the wall.

He opened the container that was concealing the fire extinguisher. As he pulled it out, he realized that it was heavier than what he expected.

He put his finger on the trigger of the extinguisher, and wondered,

Would they eat the foam too? If they were humans, they wouldn't be able to consume it.

Ignoring his idiotic thoughts, he then decided that he would throw it as a distraction. It was also used as a test dummy to see if the zombies would counter attack.

He then proceeded with his plan. He also made sure he was near the stairs, in case he needed to retreat.

The extinguisher was heavy to throw, but it successfully hit the zombies. The zombies tumbled from the attack and began a domino effect.

Yuusuke watched patiently at the reaction, the zombies slowly recovered their footing and continued to bash the door.

After judging their responses, he decided that the zombies wouldn't attack him at all.

"I wonder if it's really safe.."

He questioned himself as he walked towards the zombies.

Ignoring Yuusuke, the zombies continued to pound onto the door.

He then came to his previous conclusion of whether they would attack humans. He finalized his thoughts and believe that these zombies were neutral.

His mind was filled with questions.

"Do they want to enter the room?"

"To whoever is inside, I am doing alright, just wait patiently as I remove the problem."

I called out loud as I continued on.

I sheathed my blade and then grabbed onto one of the zombie's backs.

It was quite difficult to forcefully move a full grown man. Thus I gave up, I then leaned against the railings on the stairs.

Using what I learned online, if the head of a zombie were crushed, their movement would be neutralized.

However, I can't confirm this theory. Even I wouldn't try it on a fish. Despite the difference, a human head can be tough to cut through with a knife.

Fortunately, being near the stairs, the handrail's height seems to be only as tall as my waist.

The zombies busy with their door, doesn't seem to mind Yuusuke at all. Using this as a advantage, he then begun to pull the zombies to the handrail, then proceeded to push them off, having them fall to their doom.

BAM! The sound of something hard hitting against the ground could be heard.

Looking at the results, a body crushed by the impact of gravity could be seen distorted with a pool of blood underneath; however, the body parts seem to move just fine even after falling from such a distance.

I felt guilty, but I proceeded with the next two.

After disposing the other two, I quickly called out to the woman's door.

"Hey! You can now relax! I quickly disposed of the three zombies."

There was no reaction from the other end. I was curious and I began to open the door slowly.

Pushing the door, it was chain locked from the other side. Unable to open it any further, the face of a 30 year old woman could be seen looking in my direction. The moment she saw me, she screamed.

"Eek-....!"

Yuusuke then remembered that he had his helmet on, and quickly removed it. If it were me on the other end, I probably would've reacted the same way as she did.

"It's alright... you don't have to be scared. I already took care of the zombies."

After showing her my face, she began to be more relaxed and moved towards the door.

Her sanity seems to be recovering after seeing the face of another human. She then unlocked the chains.

"I'm sorry for suddenly screaming... and thank you for rescuing me. I wasn't able to escape when this epidemic began."

"It was no big deal for me."

He said happily and carelessly.

I understood her circumstances, if there was someone on the opposite side right now, there would have been no way to escape.

Though it was mysterious how the zombies surrounded only this room, it may have just been bad luck.

As she opened the door, she looked uneasy as she surveyed the hallway.

"Is it safe around the hallway now?"

"For now it should be safe, but there were times when cruel events had happened."

Yuusuke answered her questions by remembering the information from the internet. Because of how the zombies ignored him , he did not have a lot of fear for them.

The woman felt relieved from the words of Yuusuke. She bowed many times out of appreciation.

"Really, thank you so much for your help! Miki-Chan! Come, let's go meet daddy."

A faint sound of footsteps were heard from behind the woman. A little girl who looked like a grade schooler was seen wearing an elementary school backpack while looking up at Yuusuke.

The woman then went inside of the room and came back with a bag and some luggage.

While putting her shoes on, the woman asked,

"I failed to escape with the evacuation group, would you mind joining us in finding the refuge?"

"Refuge? Such a place exists!?"

"Mhm, it's located in the school where my child was enrolled in, Nanba Elementary."

"Well, I don't really know the direction of this place... mind guiding me there?"

"Well of course, shall we get going then?"

The woman had a happy expression on her face to know that there was



someone else to accompany her and her daughter.



–Chapter 4 End–

## Chapter 05, "A surprise attack"

While walking down the stairs of the apartment building...

"Do you hear that?"

The woman's face paled as she heard the moans of the zombies.

Other than the woman, Yuusuke was calm during the whole situation.

"I don't intend to start a fight, but I do want to stick around the zombies."

The woman had a skeptical look on her face.

Yuusuke replied to her from his spot.

"I was okay even when I approached it. There were several guys at the door, but I don't know what they were doing. Have you seen the zombies attacking the place?"

"No....."

The woman shook her head disapprovingly.

I remembered that I had never saw an infected person on the news in TV. They just didn't look real...

I've shut myself inside for too long.

"Just come along with me for the time being."

While I walked down the stairs, I arrived on the first floor. There was the door for entry and a table.

The mother and the child were holding each other's hand. They looked frightened.

Yuusuke walked to the street and thought that he couldn't use his motorcycle because there were three of them.

All three of them froze when five or six zombies glared at them.

"Eeeek...!"

The woman let out a scream.

Yuusuke felt goose bumps all over him.

(We'll be eaten!)

"R-R-RUN!!"

I hurry back to them and push them away as the zombies approached them from their backside.

"Quick!"

The three of them went back to the stairs and started to climb up. Yuusuke looked back to the mother and child and hurried them up.

Yuusuke screamed at them as a figure approached their behind.

"Why aren't the zombies slow!?"

The running speed was no different from a normal human's. The lower body leans forward with every step, but their hands don't wave around. It's even more scarier because it's the undead.

"Go up! Go back to the room!"

I leapt up the stairs, skipping two steps every time.

On the third floor, something broke open on the side of the room. Yuusuke was hit by it and hurdled into a wall.

Yuusuke tried to stand up when he realized what had just happened. Each time I looked up, there was a light pain on my shoulder.

"Hey...!"

There was a strange noise from the hallway.

Yuusuke saw a group of crows gathering around the garbage that he threw out earlier that day.

Or was it a group of paramedics gathered around a person who fell down?

But,

"Ughh...Maybe.."

Splat! Crunch!, I saw a swarm of zombies crowding something and jumping up and down.

"Aghh..."

The dull cries were the last noises of the mother and child.

There were nearly ten zombies, but they never even glanced at Yuusuke. They were all surrounding the mother and child.

How long has it been?

Zombies filled up the area. A bunch of them were there, and one of them near Yuusuke was sitting down. They ignored Yuusuke as they continued crowding around the woman and her child.

The sun was going down.

One by one, they started to leave.

When Yuusuke pulled himself together, the area was already cleared. The concrete was wet with red liquid and scraps of clothing. There were brown chunks on the spot where the mother and child used to be.

"Huh?"

Yuusuke stared at the scene gravely without knowing what had just happened...

— Chapter 5 end —

## Chapter 06, "Only I'm not attacked."

First thing Yuusuke did as he woke up was take a shower.

While wiping his body up, he thought about the recent events.

Zombies attack people...

It was a known fact.

However, Yuusuke was an exception.

In other words, he's special.

He glanced at the wound on his arm.

He peeled the scab that covered his newly regenerated skin. It showed the mark of a bite from the man.

The virus had a 100% fatality rate. I can prove this due to the events that happened. I was infected with the virus, but I didn't die.

There's also the possibility that I may be dead already.

The thought of it makes me uneasy, but I could feel my heart beating. I could also feel the warmth of my heart.

Why didn't I die?

Did I take a vaccine that weakened the infection?

Perhaps the vaccine created antibodies to fight off the disease.

"I just don't understand..."

It's hard to reflect on what's happening since the news did not have anything regarding an immunity to the virus.

This must be an extremely rare case.

If I were to report myself to a hospital, I may be the key to the cure for the virus.

"But I can't do that..."



'The next day'

With the same equipment, Yuusuke made his way outside of his apartment building.

I took a walk outside of the apartment building.

I walked past a zombie and remembered yesterday's scene. I immediately went on guard, but as expected, no reactions came out of any of the zombies I passed by.

I saw the zombie from the attack of yesterday, but no reaction came from it either.

I rode my motorcycle to a parking lot, parked my motorcycle, and went into the underground parking. There was only a black videotape recorder.

The road was blocked by abandoned cars. There was barely any space to advance. The intersection was blocked too. If I were in a car, I would be having extreme difficulty maneuvering around.

Yuusuke moved slowly, careful not to bump into any cars. There were times where he would drive onto the sidewalk.

"There seems to be no zombies being attracted to the sound of my motorcycle either... Maybe they're just attracted to the smell of humans?"

Or maybe it's the smell of fresh blood.

As I was thinking, I recalled the scene with the mother and her child from yesterday. It was when the zombies gathered in the neighborhood.

"Is that a child?"



There was a young boy who looked around 5 years old. He was crouching beside a car.

When I went closer to him, he was biting skin off of something that looked like an arm. You could also see parts of white, probably showing the bone. It looked as if he was bitten by something.

"Gross..."

I immediately left in a hurry.

Although it may not have attacked me here, it still could be a possibility. My heart began to beat faster as I thought about it.

I arrived at another convenience store.

There were two zombies wandering around the interior of the store, but the shelves were not damaged. I quickly grabbed myself a plastic water bottle, some canned food and a ready-to-eat meal.

"It's a good thing I didn't stop by the supermarket. The food there is most likely rotten by now."

In the meantime, I chose my food carefully. Choosing foods that would be efficient for my situation.

Yuusuke enjoyed the feeling of choosing freely of whatever he wanted without the need to pay. He may be a thief, but society had already collapsed.

"Hehehehe~"

I ate an ice pop and returned to my motorcycle with a bag filled with

items picked from the store. I attached the bag behind my seat and I readied myself to return home.

On the way home, he felt very happy.

He then arrived safely. He refrigerated his food, leaving the ones he wanted to eat while he surfed the net.

Though the internet provided information about what is currently happening to the society, it did not supply the information about the refuge that the woman had told him about. I searched for the town website, but whenever I would try to view it, the website would fail to load.

Though the city hall website was accessible, anything inside wouldn't load. Inside of the website, there would be no information about the zombie virus.

"Seems like it's unavailable..."

He lost hope in the website and closed the tab.

"The radio seems to be working fine, but it looks like it won't connect to any radio stations..."

Broadcasts from the channels of the disaster control network were not heard, but they should be working. This was my only hope.

"Maybe I should check the city hall later..."

The server was working. Perhaps the equipment there would work too. I headed to my bookmarks folder and clicked on the pornographic site.

However, the page wouldn't load. It seems that this disaster might have destroyed the servers that connected me to them. Yuusuke stooped his head down in disappointment.

I felt a shock hit my mind.

"I think I just realized something..."

I sighed, turning off the PC.

"Maybe I should play a game..."

I stood up from my chair and glanced at the ceiling. I remember I had a neighbor. I thought about the room, 3 rooms over from mines.

I thought about the room of Kurose.

—Chapter 6 End—

Chapter 07, "Tokiko Kurose"

When I arrived in Kurose room, I went to check in the bathroom. There she was, unmoved and waiting in idle.

(TL: I think I did a translation error in chapter 3... silly me.)

Even if I were to examine her closely, she would give no response. I carefully looked at her from bottom to top, but she would just still be staring at the ground.

=====

This part will begin to have some mild sexual content.

=====

As a zombie, Kurose was still beautiful. She was wearing a black knit sweater, you could see her breasts pushing out.

Yuusuke gulped as he slowly extended his left hand towards her chest.

Gently I touched her chest. The feeling of her hard bra could be felt. Even when I massaged her breasts, Kurose was still looking at the ground giving no reaction at all.

"Amazing..."

I locked the door to the front, so I don't have to worry about being interrupted.

Pulling Kurose's arm, she gave little resistance, but I eventually lead her to the bedroom.

When I was ready, I pushed her onto the bed.

I bind her hands together with a towel before tying it on the bed, restraining her hand movements.

I pulled her belt out of her waist as I opened her mouth and tie it around her mouth, to the point where she was biting the belt. Kurose was giving no reaction to any of this, giving me nothing to worry about as I continued.

After restraining her upper body, I stood up and looked at my finished work.

"This is like a porn video..."

Kurose looks up at me with a blank expression. Occasionally she would try to move up; however, she was unsuccessful because I have binded most of her body by now.

Then I unbuttoned her jeans, bringing it down to her knees.

Underneath her sweater was her underwear that was embroidered with lace, topped off with a ribbon. Her white thighs peered out from below.

I became aroused at the scene. I stroked her inner thigh and gave a light squeeze. Her skin was really smooth. In excitement, I jumped onto the bed.

I laid on top of Kurose, her chest against mine's. I snaked my arms around her back, hugging her affectionately.

"Haaa~ I need to calm down..."

It didn't feel like hugging a corpse or doll. She was more like a life-sized pillow that occasionally stirred. But it was still Kurose, and she continued to stare at the ceiling, giving no response to the actions of Yuusuke.

I put my hand in her sweater and grasped her bra as I looked at her

face. I began to unhook her bra. It was similar to her panties. After taking them off, I tossed them on the bed, as it was not my main interest.

I kneaded her raw breasts from underneath her sweater. It was an erotic sight. I raised her sweater, enough to expose only one of her breasts.

“Ah... Pink...”

I lifted her nipple with the tip of my finger. The texture was soft, but it didn’t stiffen while being stimulated. It was understandable because she was already dead.

Her breasts kept their shape even after death. They held their beautiful shape, not collapsing. Her breasts were beautiful, it looked like a D cup.

=====

The mild sexual content ends here.

=====

Yuusuke then stood up, separating himself from Kurose.

“I regret going out of control...”

I was trying to restrain myself at first; however, I wasn’t able to stand against her erotic appearance.

“At first it was just a house search.”

Yuusuke started to go through Kurose’s baggage. I intended to know

what kind of a person Kurose was.

"Why wasn't she able to escape...?"

I pulled out a small document on her shelf and took a look at the contents inside.

Tokiko Kurose, 23 years old, she was working for the Matsuda factory during the springtime.

She was a new employee, who's role was to moderate the company's business.

"She had such a high role, it must've been hard for her..."

She had such a fierce job, but she looked so gentle. Her occupation was a hard one, even I wouldn't be suitable to do her job.

"Did she live alone? It seemed like her family lived in Hiroshima. She had a younger sister... I wonder if her sister looked beautiful too?"

I looked at the bed. The sight of Kurose naked with only panties on can be seen staring at the ceiling.

She didn't show any eye contact or make a fuss about it.

I returned the documents to its original spot and booted up the laptop.

After the Windows start up screen, the desktop showed a picture of a

kitten playing around.

I started the web browser and checked the browser history. The most recent site was quite some time ago.

A bookmark caught my eye. It was about a sexual harassment consultation office.

"What is this? Blackmail, legal affairs... was she sexually harassed? That's outrageous!"

I searched for the most recent file that was used. It was a word document named "Record".

It was a record about harassment and it said something about Kurose dating a Mr. Yamamoto.

It was written by Kurose. The contents said that her thigh was touched in a taxi, her waist was pushed when she was using a photocopy/fax machine, and she was extorted by a client.

The record went on for a while until recently. I skimmed through it and closed the file when I was finished looking through it.

"Was Mr. Yamamoto her senior in the company?"

Somehow, I pictured a middle-aged man with a good figure and a ruddy face.

"But to have this happen nowadays... I would beat him up at once if it were me. How was Tokiko-chan was able to keep quiet about this?"

There were traces of consultation with the boss too, but there wasn't



much of a change as I read through the document.

"Sexual harassment really damaged her reputation... it's good that you don't have to go back to that company anymore. Sleep well, Tokiko."

I called out to Kurose when she was still on the bed, but there was still no reaction.

"She doesn't seem to have a private diary."

There wasn't a bookmark for one either. I loaded the email software, but there were no traces of it being used.

There was only a notebook in her bag. It had a date, a person's name, and a phone number written in it. There wasn't any personal information of any sort. I found a plain pink cell phone and turned it on. Then I checked her email. There was an email from ten days ago that was sent from her younger sister. Was it an email to confirm their safety? The last email was on the 5th. There was also no signal for the phone because it was 'out of range'. Was it different for a smartphone? Yuusuke wasn't an expert on phones. There was a second phone that seemed to be for her job. Most of the emails were related to work and not anything of interest.

"Only family members? Not even a friend?"

Yuusuke didn't have a person to talk to either. It was always quiet when he was in his room. His parents didn't live with him, and his grandfather died in a traffic accident two years ago. I collected the information that I had gathered and returned the room back to its normal state. Kurose seemed to have no problems living by herself for long periods of time. She probably had a few family problems. I've never seen any

acquaintance of Kurose visit her home either.

"I guess a zombie visited and bit her."

The zombies who attacked the mother and the child were reasonably quick. It's not slower than a human. It was a bit unbalanced, but they rushed towards them like an animal.

It doesn't stop moving if there are injuries anywhere other than the head.

It would be considerably hard to have one as a partner since it wanders around everywhere.

At least I can enjoy myself for a while because they won't interrupt me.

–Chapter 7 End–

## Chapter 8: "Necrophilia" ◆

"For the time being..."

I sat down on the bed while looking at Kurose. Even though I've already inspected her body, a double check should be done.

Suddenly, Kurose began to look at me. Her mouth still restrained with a belt.

While waving my hands in front of her eyes, she showed a reaction. She seems to become aware of something.

"Even though I already took off half of her clothes, should I undress the rest?"

While saying my thoughts a loud, I undress her jeans. Taking off her socks, a white thigh bare to the ankle could be seen.

I bring her socks to my nose, deeply inhaling her scent.

"I'm such a pervert..."

With Kurose being dead, there wasn't any smell. This was as expected. When you die, your body stops producing odor. Even if Kurose had little body odor, her body should've stopped producing odor from when she died.

I raise each leg, carefully expecting her thigh, but there was no bite wound to be found.

"Hmm.."

Sitting on top her, I remove her sweater exposing her upper body. Her sides, collarbone and white breasts were all visible. Under her shoulders were newly grown hair. Everywhere was perfectly fit, it was beautiful.

I examine her arms, pulling her sweater off in the process. There were still no wounds.

Returning her sweater, I make way towards her panties. Compared to her sweater, the panties were much lighter. While pulling it down, her pubic hair could be seen.

"Mind if I stick my finger in? .... Oh, it's okay? Well thank you."

I move her pubic hair aside and stick the tip of my finger inside her vagina; however, it was dry inside. Even if I push my finger in deeper, Kurose would just stare at me with no reaction. Bringing my finger to my nose, there was no scent at all. She may have taken a shower before she died.

"Could she be patient zero of the pandemic? Because there seems to be no bite marks on her body."

On the internet, the cause of the epidemic was said to be uncertain.

At the time when Kurose became infected, Yuusuke was happily playing his game.

Kurose was infected, but I wasn't. Even when we were both living on the same floor.

The cause of her infection may come from her workplace, or maybe somewhere else. It's quite hard to understand how quick the zombie virus

would spread.

"The source of the disease is a mystery... It may have come from a bomb, or space radiation."

This reminds me. About a month ago, news got out that an asteroid had crashed into the earth, but as X days passed, no incidents of infection broke out. (TL: These few lines confused us a lot! There was also another line that we didn't add because it was too hard to translate. Please forgive us! It wasn't really related to the chapter anyways.)

"Maybe I should put a condom on..."

I took out some condoms and lubricant from the convenient store bag.

The only confirmed information about the infection is that if you were bitten by a zombie, you would be infected; however, there is nothing about violating the undead. I started to undress until I was naked.

"Tokiko, I'm going to open your crotch."

I spread her thighs forcibly and tried to enter her; however, it didn't fully go in, with only the tip of my erect dick inside of her. It went to the point where I had previously tried to stick my finger in.

"I think she needs some lube~"

I squeezed out the lubricant from the bottle, and coated her insides with my finger. The lubricant got caught on her pubic hairs in the

process.

I then slipped the condom on my erected dick before squeezing the remaining amount of lube onto the condom.

"Hey... this is basically sexual harassment..."

I lifted up her sweater and kneaded both her breasts, altering its shape with my palms. My breathing became more tense along with my penis. It looks like Mr. Yamamoto had lots of fun with her breasts. The records show she was later going to provide evidence.

"Do you mind if I were to sexually harass you for moment? I'm just going to stick my penis inside of you."

Kurose stared at Yuusuke's stomach, giving him no response.

Yuusuke pressed forward as his penis entered her vagina. He was able to do this from the lubricant that he had spread on Kurose. He felt something break open inside of her.

"Was Kurose a virgin?"

I began to move slowly, in and out. Slowly, her insides began to loosen, the more I entered her, the more easy it was to move back and forth.

Feeling a women after a long time, Yuusuke felt happy. Her breasts would move each time he pounded inside of her. His movement roughen, ignoring the thoughts about the opposite party.

"This is like a Onahole.."

(TL: If you don't know what that is.. feel free to look it up or click on the word.)

The more I moved my waist, the more pleasurable it felt. Each time I moved inwards, the tip of my penis would harden. It was on the verge of squeezing out the sperm that has been built up inside of me.

"I always wanted to have sexual intercourse with a younger woman. What a beauty... You wouldn't understand my feelings of why I am doing this... It's a good thing I'm wearing a condom right now just in case I catch the virus."

The thought of dying scared me. In a society that had already collapsed, there would be no use if I lived on. It was an extremely pessimistic thought. I couldn't embrace the corpse of a woman and hold my sanity.

I took off the condom soon after. My penis was wrapped in the pleasant feeling when I thrust it back into her.

"It was an unfortunate life for you... Sorry, Kurose-chan. I'll write about it later. It would be sexual harassment even if I did the pull-out method."

I moved back and forth with the wild idea of penetrating a younger female office worker. I held both of her legs and continued. I felt like I was raping her. Kurose's vagina pleasurablely sandwiched his genitalia covered by a thin layer of skin. I hit a limit as she squeezed my tender limb.

"I'm coming!"

I ejaculate inside her, releasing the cloudy fluid into her uterus.

The timid female office worker's womb was violated by my ejaculation. The sensation was very satisfying.

The white liquid slowly ran down her thigh and onto the bed.

Kurose gazed at me as I tilted her face up, her hands still bound.

"Ahhh~"

He panted heavily and fell next to Kurose. Yuusuke stopped thinking as he buried his face into her chest before drifting off to sleep.

—Chapter 8 End—

—Volume 1 End—



## VOLUME 2: Chapter 9: "S.O.S."

As he arrived at the gate of Nanba Elementary School; the one that he had found on the map. Yuusuke got off his motorcycle.

I looked up at the school building and sighed.

"There's no use..."

Zombies were already roaming along the school grounds.

I searched inside the building, but there seemed to be no traces of any survivors.

The desks and chairs were pushed to one side of the classroom with cardboard and paper scattered across the floor. Bags were everywhere.

There were signs that many people were here, but most of them have probably turned by now. Boys and girls of all ages, some may have just been refugees.

The classroom was stained dark red from here and there, but the condition of the shattered windows caused some confusion.

"If only there was a beautiful girl around here..."

In the hallway, half of the zombies that passed were either injured or

missing a limb. Then again, other than patient zero who spread this mysterious disease, any other zombie should have some sort of injury or wound to contract the infection.

Upon turning into a zombie, most would try to resist, so I imagine there aren't many able-bodied zombies.

(TL: By that he means zombies who haven't lost a limb.

Zombie with 2 arms > zombie with 1 arm)

While sauntering around by myself, I became accustomed to the grotesque figures of the undead. The ones here don't seem to be that dangerous, in this way I was comfortable.

I found a girl who appeared to be a university student, walking with a swaying broken neck. I slipped my hands into her shirt and rubbed her chest.

Her hair was cut in a bob and dyed. Her breasts were nice, but the face was alright. She wasn't as beautiful as Kurose. Although, I just might have taken her home if she was.

I examined the girl closely and noticed a thin film on the section that was gnawed off her right hand.

They act like an animal despite being dead, so, there may be some sort of imitative life activity. Yuusuke thought, continuing to rub her breasts.

He resumed looking for more survivors. When he confirmed there to be none, Yuusuke returned to the third floor.

He searched for any baggage left from refugees in each classroom.

“A bank book and a stamp... I get why you would have this, but this is just useless to me...”

I threw items that were useless into pile. There weren't a lot of food or tools. Thankfully I found a battery and a pen. There was also a portable radio, however it couldn't connect anywhere.

I could get plenty of tools at a nearby home improvement store. It could be a long walk from here, but it wouldn't hurt to try.

As I straightened myself out and stretched, something strange near the window caught my eye.

On the wall of a distant building was a white cloth, softly fluttering.

“What is that?”

I leaned out the window and focused my vision.

Although it was blurred, you could make out “SOS”.



I arrived at building, which was a 3-story supermarket with a large parking lot. From the rooftop, there hangs the SOS cloth requesting

rescue.

"Survivors...?"

Yuusuke stayed seated on his motorcycle on the parking lot, hesitating.

The reason why I went to the Nanba elementary school refuge was for information. Although you're free to eat whatever you like, how can you get information on what's going around in the neighborhood when you're staying indoors?

It would be useful if a large group of people contacted the other smaller groups.

When there are a small group of people, they might have been attacked. A pandemic happened within a period of two weeks, and the food was becoming scarce.

Because I was slowly approaching them with my motorcycle, I don't think they have noticed me yet.

"Wait and see first. Zombies are currently my only allies."

If all goes wrong, then I'll run into a crowd of zombies.

Yuusuke got off his motorcycle. I put the helmet on my motorcycle and took the bag from the back of my vehicle and went to the entrance of the supermarket.

On the first floor, there was food. On the second floor, a sign said there were daily necessities.

I passed through zombies walking unsteadily between the aisles and

looked at the situation.

At the corner of the fresh food, there was a bit of a stench. The vegetables were withered and discolored. Maggots would begin to eat the meat and fish if it were left alone.

“Hope nobody touches the food while I go explore the other shops nearby.”

Ready to eat foods and canned foods of this small supermarket would be able to provide enough for Yuusuke for a year. If I walked a bit further in, then I’m almost sure that there would be infinite amounts of food. Because I have been taking good care of myself, I want to avoid causing a disruption to the environment.

“Have the meat and fish been out for a while? The vegetables may be nourishing, but they don’t provide enough nutrients.”

Some groups may have established a safe shelter. Would they be practicing agriculture and hunting? If they do, then I may be able to negotiate with them using the supplies that I take with me.

Yuusuke was left with infinite supplies from the collapsed human society.

“Wandering merchant, Yuusuke Takemura”

I had a very happy look on my face.

“Or, can you recover from your situation? ....Human race.”

It may be sometime before they can find a way to deal with the virus, and to exterminate all of the zombies. In five years or ten years, it might not even go back to it's normal civilization level as it was before.

Yuusuke's dream was to have the zombies take over the entire world and wipe out the entire human race because he was unaffected by the virus.

Originally, Yuusuke hated his lifestyle. He didn't want to return to how it was before.

"Tokiko-chan too."

The zombies did not seem to decay or anything and could last for a long time if I didn't act rashly.

"A fishing rod would be good for later. Fish is good."

I went up the second floor while humming.

When he reached the second floor, he met eyes with a middle-aged female zombie sitting on a sofa.

—Chapter 9 End—

## Chapter 10 "Survivor"

The daily necessities section on the second floor seemed to be untouched. There was only a zombie wandering about.

The problem must be on the third floor.

I saw something fall down the staircase of the emergency exit.

I pressed my ear against the door and listened, but all that was heard was silence.

I stepped back.

"Hey! Is somebody there?" I exclaimed.

"..."

I waited several minutes for an answer, but to no avail.

I called out some more while knocking on the door, but there appeared to be no sign of anyone there.

The emergency exit door was locked.

"Did the people inside starve to death?"

I didn't want to waste my time searching for a key, so I decided to take the elevator I found a while ago. The door opened immediately; I guess the power supply is still on.

Getting on the elevator to go up to the third floor, I notice that the "3F" button was closed off with a seal. I tried to push it, but nothing happened.

"So, that's why..."

The third floor didn't sell anything, which is why it was restricted from customers.

At the other end of the second floor was a door that led to a back room.

The place looked to be an entirely different department that I had no interest in whatsoever. It was just furniture.

As I went deeper down the aisle, I found two other elevators. Entering, I noticed this one had a B1F button. This time when I pressed the 3F, the elevator rose.

The door opens as I reach the third floor. In front of the doorway was a barricade of steel desks and chairs.

It wasn't anything that I couldn't climb over. Piece of cake, you know?



After I got through, I surveyed the area. This place couldn't be any more than three meters wide as well as no signs of life.

On the wall was an A4 sized piece of paper held up by tape. It seemed to be a floor plan made by one of the employees. It may be an office, locker room, or warehouse.

I scanned through the plan and I could confirm it's the last floor. It was locked, so there's probably no one in it.

I continued roaming around and found a monitor room. One of the cameras was focused on some part of the store, with nothing but a zombie prowling around.

"Does the basement have a delivery room? I mean there is a machinery room for the trucks here.."

There seemed to be a freezer and a warehouse from the monitor, and I confirmed it with a map nearby.

There was an underground parking area that was shown in a monitor and a truck was seen near a delivery entrance. There were no zombies to be seen and looking carefully at the monitor, there was no signs of people in here. I continued on with the next room.

There was an office next door that had desks lined up like a normal office. Some computers were on and were displaying the weather forecast for the week. There was a meeting room inside that had frosted glass, but nobody was there.

However, the problem is... There were signs that someone lived here.

The inside had a semi-transparent garbage bag which had multiple teacups, a kettle and instant noodle containers.

There was a room in the depths of the office that looked like the boss office. A carpet could be seen inside of the room from the opened doorway which had a one way screen blocking the view of the room.

Suddenly, Yuusuke stopped his movements.

My eyes met with a boy who looked to be in elementary school.

"....."

"....."

I stared at him silently

He was dirty and roughed up, but looked docile. His hair was raven black.

The boy left me in silence, running to the back.

"Ah... Hey!"

I called out before chasing after him. He ran over to a couch with someone who slept upon it, waking them up, panicked.

It was girl who was probably in high school, being shaken awake. She stirred. She wore a beige cardigan with a white shirt underneath, legs hugged by black jeans. She could have been an honor student. Her long hair matched the younger boy's, frayed and loss of luster.

Next to her lay a small boy of the same age as the other, sleeping peacefully and covered with a thin sheet, barely enough to be called a blanket.

The girl's eyes fluttered open, looking at the latter. She slowly turned towards me before widening her eyes.

".....!"

The room was suddenly filled with screams and I raised my arms. I tried to speak as friendly as possible, not to show hostility.

"H-hi! Sorry for intruding. I swear, I'm not dangerous!"

"O-oh..."

She looked at me, bewildered.

I dropped my bag on the floor.

"Did you eat yet?"



— Chapter 10 End —

## Chapter 11: "Fujino Mizuki"

Other than the sound of water, there didn't seem to be any other noise for a while.

Food was taken out of the bag. There were three teenagers who had their eyes glued to the food. Including a boy who stood up to get it.

At first, I handed out an energy bar, and the three of them shared it. Then I took out some canned food and a plastic bottle.

I took out a bottle of tea and opened the canned mackerel simmered in miso, teriyaki chicken, and canned tuna.

The three of them started to stare at the canned food intensely while biting on their bar. The three of them finished it as I broke my chopsticks and wolfed down the food.

Yuusuke looked at his food with the feeling of a starving stray cat asking for food. After he finished the first can of food, the girl from the group of three hesitated to eat from the second can of food. The other two were already almost finished eating the second can of food with no sense of guilt. The girl finally began to eat in peace after I took out a heap of canned food from the bag.

The girl picked up a piece of food that one of the boys dropped. Although they were hungry, I ate while watching the girl take care of the boys.

When we finished our meal, we all sighed in relief.

While Yuusuke beated the bag lightly, he says,

"Was that enough? How was it?"

"Yes, it was good. Thank you for the meal!"

The girl sat straight and lowered her head. I was tempted to do the same when the boys beside me also lowered their heads. They seemed to be well-disciplined.

"Is there any chance that the S.O.S. outside was yours'?"

"Oh.. no. But it seemed like it was right?"

I was about to answer when suddenly they started to tell their stories..

Their group of people were attacked by a group of zombies on their way to the refuge and escaped into this supermarket. At that time, they were separated from their parents.

At the beginning, they were holding out in the supermarket, but as the food supply decreased, people went out to look for food. Nobody ever came back. Since the girl had two younger brothers, she was not able to go anywhere.

Yuusuke continued to listen silently as she explained her story.

Her statements were very logical. She was also a pretty girl. She seemed like the class representative of an honor class. She was an impressive girl.

When she finished talking,

"I see.. it must have been very hard."

Yuusuke said with a serious tone.

"Umm.... Yeah.."

I remembered that I didn't tell the girl my name.

"I forgot to mention, I am Yuusuke Takemura, and you are?"

"Oh.. thank you. My name is Mitsuki Fujino. This is the second eldest out of the family, my brother Takashi.

"Thank you. My best regards to you."

It seemed like a very well disciplined family to exchange names with. When Yuusuke bowed, the two brothers did the same. Mizuki let out a smile. When the introductions were over, Mizuki was feeling a little shy.

"Is Mr. Takemura here to help..?"

They asked Yuusuke who seemed like an ordinary person to make sure, but he shook his head,

"I'm just passing by."

"...Is that right..? Is the outside safe now? We haven't seen the outside for a while."



"Well.. not really."

Yuusuke didn't know what to say. I did not intend to tell them that the zombies did not attack me.

"You might be able to go outside, but it's still dangerous, as they're still wandering around down there."

"..Really? Can you take us along?"

"That's impossible, having more people makes it more dangerous."

It was something I said on the spot from my bad habits. Nobody understood the behavior patterns of a zombie. Mizuki stood still and spoke,

"The only place safe for my brothers are.."

"Impossible. There is no such place. There is no safe place and even the refuge was full of zombies."

Even if I let them live in the apartment next to mine and bring food to them regularly, it would be too much work. If only it was just the pretty girl. It was different with some elementary students though. It required a lot of effort to keep them all safe. They had some essential information, but it was not enough to hold up a fort.

"I only took food and escaped because I was trying to avoid these

things. I can't afford to stay with you."

"Really..."

Mizuki's face darkened.

The younger brothers overheard and became silent. My expression is nearly the same as before.

They were being too disciplined. When I held out against them, it was different than how they did it. They were afraid.

Even Mizuki was afraid. Food was becoming more rare in the supermarket. They would start having thoughts of escaping reality.

Although the girl looked smart, the situation was still driving her into a corner.

"Oh, I'll get more food. I'm going to be gone for a while. If I find a human that can help, then I'll tell them to come here. Is that okay with you??"

Mizuki blinked and stared at Yuusuke's face.

She lowered her head deeply and said,

"....Thank you very much. I am very sorry for being so selfish."

"It's okay. Help will come soon. Keep holding out."

Yuusuke stared at Mizuki as she lifted her head up...

While he thought of never coming back.

–Chapter 11 End–

Chapter 12: "Cleaning" ◆

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This part will begin to have some sexual content.

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"Mizuki was pretty, and her chest wasn't that bad too."

Yuusuke remembered as he continued to pound Kurose from the back. She was a beautiful girl who gave off a good impression.

Kurose was moved to the kitchen table as he pushed her down. Her chest was against the table, flattened, as he removed her jeans. Her hands were tied behind her back, securing her movements as she stared at the side walls.

It was a good thing that her face wasn't seen, as his thoughts were driven crazy, making his movements faster. Thinking about Mizuki, he pounded her from behind. Growing tired each time he pushed his dick inside of her, with each thrust he would slam his thighs against her white buttocks. Her insides were hot and slimy, driving Yuusuke to pleasure. He closed his eyes, ready to ejaculate.

"Uuuu...."

He moved his waist back, not separating the tip of his penis from her vagina. Hitting his limit, he ejaculated his sperm inside of her. His sperm was released so that it wouldn't reach the depths of her vagina, but near the entrance.

"Ahh~"

Yuusuke released his final bits of sperm as he pulled his penis out of her, separating himself from Kurose. Wiping his mess with a towel, he slid his pants back on. After clearing the mess from the outside, he opened the front of her vagina, confirming the sperm that was left in the inside.

Washing his hands, he went to the fridge and grabbed a energy drink and drank it.

Because I was often at Kurose's place, I stuffed her fridge with various foods.

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The sexual content ends here.

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"It's easy to be with a zombie."

Any zombie that had a pretty face can be brought inside this room and be played with like a doll.

However, if it's a human, it may not be that easy. It's also hard to navigate them through the supermarket into here. He'll have to hide from zombies, going through a lot of obstacles with little to no reward, and if the zombies manage to figure it out, they'll gather. Not only will it affect them, but Yuusuke as well. And with the little brothers around, it makes the problem greater.

And even if I were to infect Mizuki with the virus, she might be fully eaten away. I thought about only getting her finger tip bit, but the thought of it became ridiculous. It's too much trouble for just one girl, and it isn't humane.

"But I do like the elder sister... For her age, she does have a good face, but her body is alright..."

While talking to himself, Yuusuke was preparing to go outside.

It was dim outside, but the voices of crows could still be heard.

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I woke up next day and took a shower.

Last night I was planning on heading outside, but it was already dark so I cancelled plans.

Usually in the morning I would do my morning routine with Kurose, but today I have plans.

(TL: If you don't know.. don't ask what he means by that... I don't think that you wanna know. :P)

My destination today was the supermarket, the distance wasn't that far from my apartment, so I walked there because I wanted to also save gas.

On the way there, the air was polluted with the smell of rotting. I grabbed a large garbage bag, and laid it on top a cart near the supermarket.

I picked up the meat and fish that were rotting away and placed it inside of the bag. It was a painful process as the smell was horrifying and the meats were losing their color. The leaf plants seem to be withered, but the root vegetables were still okay.

I leave cleaning in the bread aisle for later, as I check the refrigerators. Removing the rotting dairy products, I cleaned the inside to make it moderately clean.

"Should I just stay inside and work, or should I explore around the store? Oh... wait is that a freezer?"

When I opened the door, I was blasted with cold air. The interior had pork hanging on the ceiling. I was shaking because it was quite cold inside.

"Has the freezer been on for awhile? Because if it hasn't, the precious

frozen meats inside would've already spoiled."

Almost finished with cleaning, I finished filling up my fifth bag.

"Well...."

With all of the stack garbage bags laying on top of each other, I was worried. These bags were useless to me.

"It's a shame.. I would've eaten all this spoiled food.."

There should be a lot of corpses laying around in the streets, but I am thankful for the zombies. I wonder, do they become zombies when bitten? Or do they just fully get devoured before they turn...

Then an idea hit me.

"Well if I were to throw these around in a place with humans... The food is about to rot, but at least they can eat something.. This can be a pleasing solution.."

I say as I flex up.

I could treat humans like trash, like they are garbage processing machines.

What I just said wasn't humane at all.

"No... no, its no good... it is not.. I need to think.. I'll throw it away on a mountain."

An animal would come for fish if I left it at a mountain. Maggots were doing the role of the animal in my case.

If there was a dump site downtown, it would probably go unnoticed,

but it would stink. It didn't need to be in town though.

On the outer east side of the town, there's a small mountain range, so I can throw it there.

"Is there a pickup truck?"

When I searched the outsides of the supermarket, there was a strange sight.

There was a crowd on a train station platform.

They were swinging around like a zombie, but they were staying there with a reason.

When I looked at my watch, it was 8AM. This time was the rush hour.

"Are they possibly waiting for a train?"

Most of them seems to just give up and walk away. Their behavior might be the similar to their old life, but that's quite vague.

"But there's so few of them."

It's not an emergency, but it would be a good idea to check the behavior pattern of a zombie soon. I'll do it soon after I fix the environment.

I cleaned the supermarket and piled up the garbage. I didn't find a pickup truck, so I used a white van with the key already in it.

The sun had already set. Because the zombies were in the way, the driving took a while. I threw the garbage on the mountain and went back to my apartment.

I took off the rope that bounded Kurose on the table and went to the bathroom together.

"A restraining device... but not something in the downtown area."



I suddenly then thought of something.

=====

This part will begin to have some sexual content.

=====

“Handcuffs could work. A toy store... No, is there a police station near here? If I caught a person, then it would be useful. I don’t know if it’s still in fashion though.”

I striped Kurose’s clothes and tied her hands behind her. I took off my clothes and entered the bathroom with her.

I let Kurose sit on the floor while keeping an eye on the bath and spread her legs. Kurose remained obediently.

I put my finger into her crotch and pushed it inside where it was wet, and pulled it back out. I stared at my finger.

“It’s all absorbed?”

I looked inside. Those I did not let it out outside, the sperm inside was all gone.

I thought that it was bad when I ejaculated inside her because I would have to wash it out. Generally it seemed like it was absorbed in half a day.

It was like the incident at the train station. There are still many things that I don’t know about zombies.

“...Is that good?”

It seemed convenient.

I let Kurose sit in the bathtub and filled it with hot water and sat in the tub with her. Because both of her hands were tied, her chest is

emphasized and reflects the bathroom light. My thing was hard down there and it slipped inside. Kurose bends her head back and stares at the ceiling light. I move my waist in the hot water and bit down on her neck. I hit a pleasant feeling that accumulated in Kurose and she didn't resist. I was warmed by the hot water and embraced her.

"Fuu.."

Yuusuke let out a sigh of relief as he hugged Kurose. Yuusuke didn't notice Kurose's thigh relax as he embraced her.

–Chapter 12 End–

## Chapter 13 "Request"

The next day, Yuusuke runs around town cleaning three supermarkets and a small shop.

The minivan didn't have enough room, so I transferred to a medium-sized dump truck I found at the small factory. It was a white Isuzu.

"Uwaa... So many switches that I've never seen before. I don't know if this is safe..."

Then I messed around with the air conditioner, confirming that it works. It hit the end, but it didn't get stuck. Phew.

I had a few problems with the vehicle; I wasn't used to the cars clutch. I read the manual, but eventually I managed to start up the truck. The drivers seat was pretty impressive, as you are seated higher than normal cars. There were curtains in the car along with accessories like a sleeping bag.

When I got used to the feel, I turned off the engine. Exiting out of the truck, I begin loading garbage bags into the truck.

Today I feel like a Janitor.

(TL: Originally it said cleaning merchant... but Janitor sounds more... better :P)

When I finished loading the bags, I make my way to the mountain.

Because there were many obstacles blocking paths on the road, I had to go through detours to avoid them. Occasionally there would be zombies that would block my path and I would just run them over.

"Is it this way?"

I turn right to the entrance of the mountain, using a navigational device to help me.

Over the guardrail of the mountain, I was able to view the whole town. Because there would be no active cars on the road, my only problem would be the idle cars on the road. On low speed, I would turn to view the town.

"Huh? Who is that.."

On the other side of the town, a black figure was spotted moving.

Looking closely, it was a helicopter flying. I immediately lost sight of it after it hid itself in the clouds.

".....?"

Because it was far and moving so quickly, I couldn't quite tell what their goals were.

Yuusuke looked back onto the road, thinking about what had just happened.

On the way up, I unexpectedly found something.

It was an outdoor activity center. Looking at the sign, it was surprisingly wide. It was was a log cabin on camp grounds with a dining room and a bathroom next to the gym.

"Was there such a place..."

Though it was in the city, I didn't know such a place existed. Because I had no reason to go to the mountain, it was expected.

If the gas runs out, then I can bring some charcoal near the brook. There's a generator in the mountain hut too. It would be best if there were solar powered generators to power up the city. I hope that there's a water filter that still works, but that might be asking for too much. I passed through the center and go deeper into the mountain. There was a cliff, so I decided to throw the garbage off the cliff side. I pulled the lever and the garbage bags start to fall out.

"This is quite interesting..."

After emptying the contents in the truck, Yuusuke made a U-turn.

"That sure was tiring... community service work seems to be quite fun."

In the town, Yuusuke is able to do anything he wants. He is able to drive any cars without the need of a license, and there are no problems if he were to break them.

"This is a real SimCity. Maybe I could find a tow truck and clean the roads too, but the question is.. can I drive them?"

For the time being, the problem with the rotting in the supermarket is solved, food shouldn't be a problem. It's possible to supply my resources whenever I want. Before it gets late, I can try to smoke some meat too.

"Time to move more food. I have to make more room for the food...oh."

I then realized that I have forgotten Mizuki.

It's been 5 days since we last encountered each other.

As expected, their food supply would've already been out.

Yuusuke then drove back to town in a hurry.

The truck was parked near the apartment, as I switch into a motorcycle.

Then I grabbed items in the supermarket; food from the first floor and a blanket from the second. I brought a blanket with me because I remembered the thin blanket they were using. It was also nearing winter, and the nights will be cold.

I go into the elevator, moving towards the third floor. When the door opens, I see three people, huddling in front of the barricade, sitting.

"Ahh..."

Mizuki staggers her way upward, using the wall as guidance.

"I'm sorry I came at a late time."

(TL:Original line said something else... but I think this sounds better.)

I move to the meeting room, displaying canned food and ready to eat meals from my bag. Because they had a microwave, they were able to warm the food. Improvising, I put curry and rice in a tupper ware. Mizuki and the others were sitting down, watching me.

When I handed them the food, the boys happily ate. In addition, I warmed up some rice and opened some more canned food. I prepared it in advance in case they were hungry for more. They continued to eat, satisfied with their meal.

"Thank you for the meal."

Mizuki and the other two, joined their hands together.

"Thank you very much... the curry was delicious."

One of the smaller boys muttered the same.

I forgot which boy was who and it didn't help that it was the first time I had heard his voice.

Mizuki then lowers her head.

"Thank you, the meal was delicious."

Contrary to her words, it looked like she wanted to say something.

Going through his bag, Yuusuke takes out a cake and a toy.

"For you, these are souvenirs."

Their eyes brightened the moment I showed them their gifts. Mizuki motions me to go outside of the room.

I moved to the corner of the room and Mizuki was quiet for a while. She then began speaking timidly.

"Um... We want to express your gratitude... but there is something more..."

In her tone of voice, Yuusuke somehow understood what she said.

"I can endure this, but my younger brothers..."

Mizuki told Yuusuke to bring more food frequently. That reminds me, Mizuki hasn't really touched her meal. For the time when Yuusuke was away, the food was reserved. Yuusuke thought. Even if the bag was fully packed with food, it wouldn't last a week with three people. I have no choice but to bring a large quantity of food here once every week.

"....."

This was going to be a problem.

—Chapter 13 End—



## Chapter 14: "Give and Take" ◆

"Umm... I'll think about it."

Yuusuke turned around.

Originally, there was no reason to help these people. At first, it was for information. But after I regularly gave them supplies, they started to talk about different topics.

Because I brought food to them once, I can't break the promise that I've made. It was becoming troublesome for Yuusuke.

Yuusuke didn't benefit from helping them. He didn't want to do it.

"Um, ...hey!"

Mizuki ran after Yuusuke and the atmosphere changed.

"I'm sorry, excuse me, I'm sorry that you've helped me so much."

"It's okay. . you are probably hungry."

Contrary to his words, Yuusuke backed away from her.

"There's a blanket here. You can use it because it will be cold soon. It should help when winter comes."

I arrived in front of the elevator and a hand yanked my shirt from behind.

I turned around, and Mizuki was clinging on me.

"Please help Mr. Takemura! Please..."

Her face is so beautiful. So fragile. It aroused Yuusuke. She makes you want to wear the best clothing when you are around her.

No man could refuse a face like that. Yuusuke wanted to help her, even though he didn't.

"Have you seen anyone that has been attacked by a zombie?"

"....."

Mizuki lightly nodded.

"I risk my life to get food. Do you know that?"

"Yes..."

The fact that he had come into a girl with such fragile emotions, he couldn't help but think of tormenting the beautiful girl feelings.

"What good is it to share food between you? What do I gain? The amount of food I give you each week is enough to feed me for a month, I was doing better off before. You'll need to give me something in return now, the next food run may only be my share. Do you not understand?"

Mizuki bows down and stares at the floor. With the present situation, it was understandable that food was awfully expensive. With no comeback, Mizuki was lost. Yuusuke dropped his voice and stopped.

"Well, I can do it because I have to. On the other hand, you have to do something too. In this situation, it doesn't matter if it's a child or an adult. It's give and take.

"Mizuki raised her head slowly.

Her expression was stuck,

"Something..?"

"I want you to arouse 'it'."

(TL: By that he means his penis.)

"...."

Mizuki stepped back while holding her chest.

Her eyes changed into a contempt look.

"Men are always so.. Do you always think of us like that?"

"What can you do? Trying to persuade me"

"But I can't allow this!"

Yuusuke stared at the enraged Mizuki and watched as she cooled down.

(Oh dear, it might not be possible for her to do it.)

Until now, Mizuki had been demanding to go with me. I know her values well. Pride doesn't take no as an answer. It's life or death. But to see Mizuki still standing there, Yuusuke,

"...Please hold on."

As I was about to turn around,

"Wait.... I can do something else"

"Say so, so I can hear it."

"I can provide Mr. Takemura with a safe place here. I will watch it when you are absent."

"I don't need it. Where do you think I sleep? I could kick you out and take over it."

"Then, then what do you need? Should we not help each other in a time like this!? There's even a child here too!?"

"I don't know. I usually don't help anyone. Do you see my selfishness

coming out? Do I finish with a thank you? Because you are a woman, and you have a minority with you, do you think that I have to help you?"

"Such a thing.."

"In this matter, try to reconsider the word 'help'. I am no rescue team or volunteer. I have to go through zombies in order to get food."

"....."

Mizuki bit her lips and looked down.

Mizuki didn't know that Yuusuke wasn't targeted by zombies. In other words, it made sense that he gets food for them. Yuusuke was annoyed that Mizuki needed food and what he got in return was a simple thanks.

Mizuki said without power in her voice,

"Money... if I can go home, all my savings..."

"Don't talk"

Mizuki remained silent after the conclusion.

"Is it really useless.. can you really not help me?"

"It is useless. When you have to survive, you must sacrifice something"

"....."

Mizuki muttered in a small voice.

"...With my hand..."

"What?"

"I'll do it by hand... I can do it"

I moved to a stall in the men's room and closed the door.  
It's a shoulder's length away when two people enter it.

Yuusuke sat down on the toilet seat and looked at Mizuki while she stood. Mizuki's voice was quiet.

"Umm.. how..."

"... you kneel and I pull it out"

=====

This part will begin to have some sexual content.

=====

Mizuki kneels down onto the tiles, putting her hand between Yuusuke legs and onto his groin. Her hands were trembling, trying to remove his belt. She was unsuccessful even after several attempts.

Finally the button was removed, all that was left was the zipper. Mizuki was reluctant; looking up, she showed him her facial expression, but Yuusuke answered her silently.

Mizuki giving up her last bits of pride, gave up. She proceeded by unzipping his zipper, revealing his undergarments. A tear could be seen dropping down from her pupils. I wiped it away with my sleeve, but she didn't stop crying.

For food, forcing prostitution on the outskirts of town was considered humiliating; however, Yuusuke didn't say anything.

Mizuki kept turning away as she slowly removed his underwear.

".....Next....is...?"

"You hold it and stroke it up and down."

She fearfully picked it up by her fingertip. Able to hold a grip, she lightly stroked his penis.

"Like this"

Yuusuke then forcibly grabbed Mizuki's hand, making her grip his hard penis. Thin white fingers were entangling his dick. Then he moved her hand, roughly stroking his dick. Mizuki at mercy, stiffened her body.

"Do you understand?"

"....."

Mizuki nodded as she moved her hand slowly. His dick was being rubbed by Mizuki. Being stroked by her, Yuusuke was being stimulated by the pleasure. Still, his penis grew bigger while she was holding onto it. His penis was tightening as it grew, it was hard for Mizuki to continue stroking his penis, as it was not smooth and needed lubricant.

"Put some saliva on it."

"What?"

"Spit on it."

Mizuki's face blued, as she understood what I have just said.

"It's impossible.."

"..... Maybe put it in your mouth?"

Mizuki shakes her head to the words.

When she turned to look at Yuusuke, he was seen staring silently. As if given a command, she took her left hand and brought it to her lips. After opening her mouth, saliva was dropped. Dropping onto his penis, she continued to stroke it.

"..... Is this good?"



"Stroke it with both hands, I'm almost done"

"....."

Mizuki was unfamiliar that Yuusuke was a sensitive man. She moved her hand timidly as I told her. Creating a circle with both hands, she continued to stroke him. Her thumb was rubbing onto his penis, and her palms were felt coated with saliva, giving a pleasant feeling.

However good it felt, it was still unskilled.

"..... Do you feel good?"

"Eh..... It's not bad, give me a minute"

Yuusuke thinks a little,

"Please wait a moment, continue moving your hand"

"Yes?"

(TL: Imagine her expression like .\_.)

Mizuki was kneeling in front of him. Long black hair was flowing onto his eyes. I extended my hand, brushing her hair aside to cope a feel from her breasts.

"Eh.....?"

I don't pay attention to her reaction, as I unbuttoned her shirt.

".....What, what"

"It's because you're giving me poor service, that I am doing this."

".....Stop....."

"Don't separate your hands from me"

When I finished unbuttoning her, I remove her shirt, and her chest was seen bare. Her bra with a black dot handle was covering her breasts. Against her will, I slide my hands underneath her bra, where I touched her breasts, their size was like a C-cup. Groping them, I rubbed her pink nipples.

".....Eh!"

"If you want this to end quickly, do your best and endure it for now."

Hearing his words, Mizuki resumes stroking with her hand. Her tainted hand increases it's movement, where her soft palm, wet with saliva surrounds the stem of his penis, and her fingers entangle themselves around his tip where pre cum was spewing out.

The appearance of Mizuki got Yuusuke excited, she was wearing a cardigan with a white shirt underneath and black jeans. Underneath her white shirt was the soft breasts that he was coping a feel from. Mizuki then tastes the service that shes giving me, while I continue to knead her

breasts.

".....Uu....."

Fiddling with her nipples, Mizuki leaks out a small voice. Still, he didn't stop, Yuusuke felt muddy things gathering in the depths of his waists. His breath became rough, as he wanted to move his waist. Yuusuke endured it as Mizuki continue to provide him with service that dragged a pleasant feeling to him.

Being teased by Mizuki, the tip of his penis begins to build up with pressure. His fingertips that were fiddling with her soft nipple became hard the more he played with her. When I rubbed her hard nipples, her hands surrounding my penis squeezed me. At the moment, the sperm building in the depths of his waists couldn't endure for any longer, as it exploded and landed onto the hands of Mizuki.

"Eh....!"

The sperm was shot with such force that it struck Mizuki's mouth and belly.

—SPUSH SPUSH—

It was never ending, the sperm continued gushing out of the tip. Meanwhile, Mizuki was left startled at the sudden surprise, that her body stiffened.

".....Ahhh~....."

Yuusuke breathes heavily,

Mizuki then removes her hands from his penis, and stared at the sperm

with utter amazement.

After, they wiped their body from the mess that has been created and left the private room.

Yuusuke who was about to leave, glanced back into the room where Mizuki was in. She was seen looking down in dishonor, washing thoroughly.

–Chapter 14 End–

## Chapter 15: "Police station"

By the time Yuusuke reached the apartment, dusk had already fallen.

I carried the bag of alcohol and snacks that I picked up at a shop on the way. Taking the elevator, I made my way over to Kurose's room.

"I'm back."

I was stricken by light as I entered. As I took off my shoes, I looked up, linking gazes with Kurose.

"Eh...?"

My eyes were directly fixed onto her, stiffening up.

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock... after several long seconds, our eyes broke contact. I glanced over at the table, not moving an inch. There she sat obediently, both hands bound to the chair.

Yuusuke swiftly moved to the kitchen before letting out the breath he had been holding. His muscles relaxed.

"I'm freaked out..."

This was the first time Kurose had looked at him. At a close range, it was as if her eyes chased his. Other zombies hadn't even looked at him directly. She clearly recognized him.

"...What the... If I call out to her, maybe I'd be able to bring her out of her vegetative state... Tokiko-chan... Tokiko-chan... Kurose-san..."

Kurose doesn't react, piercing her gaze onto the table.

"...Ridiculous. Tokiko-chan, take the chair."

Of course, there was no answer. I dragged a chair over to the porch and sat the bag of alcohol and snacks there. I took out a can of beer and pulled the tab, leaning against the handrail.

It was chilly outside, but it would only more and more colder from here on.

The darkness seemed to have covered any traces of the mayhem. It didn't look much different from before the previous life. The streetlights softly lit the dark streets. No zombies could be seen.

Needless to say, it was still definitely different.

Only about 20% of houses provided light. The rest of the city was buried in darkness.

Said houses that gave off illumination could merely just be houses with their light switches left on. It's difficult tell whether or not there would actually be survivors there. Although if I didn't find any, then what? Do I once again become the food supplier? Nope. Not having it.

Just as he takes a sip from his beer, screeches of a car tires broke the night silence.

A car sped through the main street right before crashing into another. The collision and glass shattering could be clearly heard.

Zombies began to gather around the accident, springing out of the darkness. Despite the family's effort to struggle out of their seat belts, they had already been completely surrounded. A man and a woman, who I assume are the parents, were dragged out from the door. The daughter, who looked to be the same age as Mizuki, had her arm bitten off as she was thrown and dragged on the ground. More zombies crowded the area.

I heard distant screams before it was back to silence.

"....."

Yuusuke silently felt for the bag. He pulled out some jerky and took a bite.

The next morning, I prepared some equipment like usual before heading to a police station that I found on a map. I needed some handcuffs for Kurose, as well as some weapons. It was nearby Nanba Elementary school, which I had visited earlier on.

The police station was a plain grey building, standing at 3 stories high. Several police cars were parked in the lot. The entrance had a barricade,

but it was half broken.

There might be the person who escaped from the school here. Although, judging by the entrance, who knows if he's still here.

"The police station should be a pretty common place..."

The place was quite similar to a city hall. There were signs for a local section and the police affairs section. In addition, there were also counters and a lobby for waiting with chairs formed in a straight line. No zombies were in sight as well.

I had a more exaggerated image of the police station, so I was kind of let down.

The citizens correspondence was on the first floor. I tried to look for a back office, but I couldn't find one. Upon giving up, I made my way to the second floor.

On the second floor, the first thing I'm met with is a detective section. There was a cell in a secluded area. The annex was a room for interviews.

"Man, I imagined the cell to be in the basement."

The door wasn't locked. Out of curiosity, I peeked inside. There were 4 tatami mats formed in a line on one side of the room. Folded bedding was placed in the corner. Although most of the room was unoccupied, there was one person.



"Ew..."

There was a corpse of a man with a pierced head lying against 3 iron-bars that had fallen down. Splattered blood and fluid from his brain stained one of the tatami mats. It had already dried and turned black.

It's... not a man... Did you become a zombie on the inside?

There were 2 or 3 people who had taken a bite from the arm and foot. One person probably developed the symptoms and the others got infected.

Idiot should have had a weapon...

Even if a police officer shot it to death, there's no being sure that it would actually be dead.

But I can't have these zombies dead. Zombies were my human detector and a tool of defense. Although zombies won't harm me, there's still a possibility of a human being attacking me.

I was ready to negotiate with food if I ever saw a person. If they were a pervert, then I would do it more leisurely.

Is there someone else...?

After hearing a noise from the stairway, I hesitated. I hid myself behind a door and observed.

From the top of the stairs, someone could be heard. The footsteps were irregular. A policewoman appeared with a uniform drenched in blood, swinging side to side.

“Is that a zombie...?”

Yuusuke sighed in relief. From a far distance, it was tough distinguishing a someone as human or zombie.

Yuusuke cautiously headed to the third floor.

–Chapter 15 End–

## Chapter 16: "Obtaining a handgun"

"Oh....."

There were about 10 zombies crowding around the entrance to the third floor. All of them were covered in blood and lacerations. Among them, were those who had bullet holes. Some of them had their chins blown off, exposing only their upper jaw. The crowd mostly consisted citizens, but there was some police officers mixed in too. The zombies were crowding around the door which displayed "main conference room". They were somehow attracted to that area. There was also a foul stench drifting around the air.

"I have a bad feeling that something is going to happen..."

The zombies were quiet. If there was a survivor inside, they might be the reason why they're sticking to the door.

From the waist of one of the nearby zombie police officers, something was seen hanging. It was a pouch with a black wire connecting to a revolver. Shaking on the ground as the officer moved. Having trouble due to the moving zombie, I carefully removed the cord that was attached to the belt and tried to pick it up.

The revolver had a rotary, and was light like a toy gun. It was easy to hold the black grip, and maintaining it seemed to be easy. As for ammunition, inside of the cylinder contained two bullets remaining. The police officer seemed to be new from the Southern area, but Yusuke didn't know whether the gun was too. For the time being, it was likely that this handgun was a restraint to the current officer, so for the meantime, I'll look after it.

(TL: Original line said something else, but I expanded it and improvised

it)

(ED: Once again the Machine goes from 3rd person to 1st person...)

I clutched the grip, not putting my finger onto the trigger, but having my index finger extended and ready to pull the trigger while approaching the room.

There was some uncertainties in front of me, and I wanted to crush what was in there.

I lean on the side of the wall, not standing in front of the door.

Yusuke made up his mind, and called out to 'it'.

"Is someone there--?"

There was no response.

"He-llo?"

I didn't hear any sounds at all.

The doorknob turned with no resistance. It probably wasn't locked at all.

When I pushed it open, the door hit the table and the barricade, immediately falling over. With some force, I pushed the door even more, expanding the opening.

Barely opening the door, a strong putrid smell leaks out. I look inside, enduring the nausea that is slowly building up inside me.

A pool of blood was seen on the floor within the room, with a policeman lying down as if he shot himself to the head. His pupils, white,

staring in the air.

In addition, his body was loosely extended. There seems to be no one alive in the room.

"Woah...."

His feelings were mixed, half of which was feeling relieved, and the other was feeling depressed. When he was about to close the door, the surrounding zombies used this chance to rush themselves into the room. In panic, Yusuke runs away from the door.

Zombies were throwing themselves onto the door, pushing and expanding the opening to the room. The humid smell seems to attract the zombies like a trap.

The weight of the zombies finally succeeded, and the sounds of the barricade collapsing could be heard.

The smell became unbearable, and at the same time, Yusuke left the scene. It was regrettable that he couldn't retrieve the officers' handcuffs and clubs, but he couldn't stand the smell and it wasn't his hobby to watch zombies eating their meal.

"If I were to shut myself in... food will gradually disappear; eventually I'll rot and smell like that. "

(TL: This was a little weird for us.. we kind of.. improvised it.)

In the town, the man was besieged in that room. He slowly ran out of food, and had no way to access any, leading to his death.

Yusuke with mixed feelings, started to search around the third floor.

After awhile, his goals were set.

There was an open door with an electronic lock. Peering inside, it had a stopper, and what looked like to be a storage. Lockers were lined up, side by side, on both sides, and in the middle there was a shelf. Some lockers were opened, and others looked like they were damaged.

"Was the person in a hurry while taking stuff out?"

After a thorough inspection, there was a bunch of clothing, and handcuffs that were inside of a case.

"Oh, how lucky-"

Inside of the package, there were keys too. Because there were just six of them, I put them in my bag. In addition, a helmet, spare uniform, bullet proof vest, holster, a whistle, and various items were taken too. Anything useful was added into my bag. I put the holster on my belt, and put the handgun which I was holding, inside of it. It gave off a pleasant feeling.

"Well then..... Huh, I look kind of cool. Sort of like a military soldier."

Because there were unused combat shoes, I took a pair that fit my size. Afterwards I continued on scavenging. I found a small locker in the division 2, detective and security room, but it was locked. Walking along, there was a locker that kept confiscated goods and had a electronic lock that required a code. I look at my gun with an idea, but realized it might be impossible to use it that way. Besides, there was only two bullets.

"It is a handgun after all.... Wait, the storage for weapons and ammunition should be somewhere around here."

I re-examine the floor, and do a quick search around the second floor, but it doesn't seem like there is such a place. Returning onto the first floor, Yusuke sees the map sign, but stands in folded arms. Only half of the building was drawn onto the sign. If there was a storage room, it would be hidden. My expectations were right, as there were stairs to the basement in the police section. Advancing underground, there was the gun rental receptionist at front, and the storage at the back. The iron door blocking the guns was opened and several firearms inside were taken.

"Huh..... Oh, is that so...."

(TL: This line really confused me..)

While feeling disappointed, I check the shelf with the licensed firearms, fortunately it wasn't empty. There was two revolvers, similar to the type that I had, but were different in shape and grip. Also there was the automatic pistol that was seen in t.v shows, and several other pistols were there. Adding them to my belt, in total there was 5.

"There's a little too much here."

I already felt safe with just a handgun and an automatic weapon, but I took spares just in case the firearms were to break down, I had no idea on how to repair them anyways. I found bullets too, every box I saw was added into my bag. It became heavy after adding everything necessary into the bag and because I took out the bullets in the spare guns that I have added in the bag, I don't have to worry about a accidental discharge.

"Alright! I think I'm done."

I return back to the first floor, catching my breath at the waiting seats.

Yusuke takes out a gun out of the holster, the barrel was short and it looked suitable, but he couldn't really say if it was. However, it looked good when he would cover it, the size wasn't that big as it could almost fit inside of his pocket.

"There is a manual for using the weapons..... But I'd rather learn from the police academy."

I return it into the holster.

Taking out a revolver with no bullets from the bag, I play a round with it. As expected, I don't have the courage to mess around with it, if it were to have any bullets inside. The safety cap was removed, and remembering a movie I saw, I imitate the gun movements.

"Does the cylinder come off if I were to push over here?"

I push the cylinder off to the left, and saw the barrel. I took out any left out bullets from the barrel and push it back in. When it returned, it made a sschick sound, like it was locked.

"Do I need to push the cocking device up?"

When I began to pull the trigger down slowly, the cocking device raised up and the barrel begins to turn. Pulling the trigger downwards, the



cocking device fell with a click sounding like it was ready to fire. The magazine turned as I pulled the trigger, preparing the bullet to fire out. As I pull the trigger lightly, the cocking device falls down and the gun was fired immediately. When I want to shoot the gun instantly, the gun will be ready, as there did not seem to be the safety attached.

(TL: I'm not very good at explaining guns, sorry if it sounded weird.)

"Hm....."

It was a simple gun, and there seems to be no problems when I shot it. Yusuke wanted to test his aim. I take the gun, already loaded out of the holster. I looked for something that looked reasonably good to shoot from my distance. My target is the police woman who I saw before. The distance was around 10 meters. I didn't recognized her at first, but using this chance, I line my sight.

"....."

The tip is aimed precisely, and the gun was ready to fire. I take a stance with my right hand supporting my left hand which was holding the trigger and grip. The target was perfectly a lined with the top part of the gun. The police woman wore a absent minded face.

I aim at my target while gathering my last breath.

For a few seconds his sight was following his target, eventually he exhaled his breath as the pressure was building in his lungs.

".....Fu-"

I adjust my aim, targeting in the middle of her forehead. Then at once, the trigger is pulled.

An explosive sound could be heard echoing the room.

His hand moved back reacting to the recoil, and the tip was moved upwards.

The smell of smoke drifted through the air.

"This could be difficult....."

He mutters while staring at the handgun.

There wasn't that much recoil, but the muzzle moves upwards when firing. Additional practice was needed to suppress and control the gun.

I quickly realized that there was an object of destruction against the palms of my hands.

—Chapter 16 End—

## Chapter 17: "Mizuki's madness" ◆

It's been a week after obtaining supplies from the police station.

Yusuke marked a note on his map that was laid onto the table. On the map it displayed the name of each building, house and address.

Circled in red, the supermarkets, grocery stores, electronic shops, tool shops and home centers were marked.

「 It's uninhabited around from here to there..... 」

With a blue marker, he drew a slanted line in front of the shopping district.

There weren't many places surrounding his apartment that were marked such as the refugee and the supermarket which were seen at a distance.

The residential area that he previously checked had a large road nearby, the areas beyond it have yet to be worked on.

The roads that his car couldn't pass through were marked with an 'X'. Though there weren't too many impassable roads, it would be used as reference to provide information for detours.

「 However, this town is considerably wide.... 」

If he ever begins working on the city, he could never do it alone. It could take several years to finish with a single person.

Again, the PC starts up and loads in. Plugging a GPS logger collected from a zombie to a USB port, inside data of the geographical features could be viewed with a map software.

Consecutive positions of data were plotted onto the map.

The route that was shown was mostly straight from his house and on the way, there was apparently a train station platform that he could stop by to.

「Is this really on the way back from home? This couldn't be a coincidence.」

Checking the logger for the tag number, he records the date of the day taken from the data.

The GPS supplied information of the route inside the building, although it wasn't too descriptive since the route was similar to the outdoor one.

The train station platform was the home for the zombies. Because of it, he was interested in the subject and every morning he began collecting data related to it.

Comparing data, Yusuke confirmed that the routes were all connected.

All of the routes were similar in comparison. Though the routes were all different, their stopping point was the same. At the morning they leave the station, by evening they wander off to their business, and by night they all return home to their station.

(TL: I think that he's collecting data from zombies and monitoring their movement patterns. )

「 Commuting to work even after death. Such passion ..... 」

It seems to be that there are zombies that are acting like their everyday human previous lives. However, there are not many of these kind of unique zombies. All of the zombies do not have a similar pattern.

It's hard to understand how they are so different.

Ages and sex seem to vary with their patterns, even the original infected have patterns. Therefore linking them like this doesn't seem to be possible.

「 Hm..... 」

He leans back against his chair stretching his body in the process.

Switching windows the view of the network camera takes the screen. The appearance of the apartment building was shown in three screens. In several areas, well camouflaged and positioned wireless cameras were

placed.

The power goes straight through an extension cord to the power supply. For security, he thought of surrounding an area with police cordon and installing an alarm, however, if a zombie triggers it, all of his efforts would be put in vain.

He confirmed that there were no survivors in the building, though, the cameras were installed just to be sure.

Flipping through cameras, there wasn't anything strange from any of them. Only zombies wandering around in the building.

Confirming through the cameras, he closes the window.

Looking at the date, it's been 3 days since he went to Mizuki place.

「 I don't think I should use the others..... 」

Yusuke thought that he should use Mizuki and the others as manpower.

Although women and children shouldn't be used for heavy labor, it is said that there is little chance of resistance. If you think about it, free resources isn't bad. Even if they're a child, they could just do watering.

It's possible to build a garden on the rooftop. If correct tools were brought in. Smoked food could be done, wireless interception too.

Yusuke was busy with his time, so he could use others to look after his equipment and devices. For the cost of food, anything could be done. Until their given a job and could stay on track of doing work, he could have them pay with their bodies.

After his long thinking, Yusuke left and headed off for Mizuki's.

=====

Beyond this point is 18+

(Use Control + F : 'End' To skip this section)

You have been warned.

=====

Although the second time was awkward, by the time it was the third time, Mizuki accepted the fact of what she was doing by hand.

In the same men's room, Mizuki lowers her eyes as she lets her hand adjust to Yusuke's penis. Viscous liquid leaks out, dirtying her white finger.

She teases him by tickling the tip while her palm is holding his erect hard rod. She stimulates him by wrapping her left hand around his pole, doing so allowed him to feel the muscles of her fingers.

Yusuke mutters in pleasure as he breathes out.

「 You're very obedient..... 」

Mizuki moves her hand absent mindlessly but after acknowledging Yusuke's words, she looks up.

「 .....Because I have a younger brother, I have to change his diapers. 」

Puzzled by what she said, Yusuke drifted into thought, suspicious of her words as Mizuki turned her glance back down.

「 If you think about that separately, I believe that would be some sort of nursing..... 」

If that was the case, you could say that it would be some sort of indirect assistance in the pleasure she's bringing him.

"Is it really..... nursing?"

Because he'd already experienced replacing diapers filled with shit, he wanted to say that it wasn't anything of the sort. However, putting himself into her shoes he thought that this was her only way of rebuilding her already distorted pride.

(What a high pride.....)

(TL: Okay, I'm pretty sure that I've misinterpreted this whole paragraph. How the hell did we get from handjobs into nursing? .\_\_\_\_\_. halp)



Mizuki refocuses as she entwines her fingers around Yusukes stickily liquids.

「 .....Please cum soon 」

Yusuke silently embraced Mizuki. Suppressing her to a wall, her body stuck to it like glue. He slowly unbuttoned her jeans, bringing it down to her knees. Exposed, her white thighs and polka dot panties were seen.

Mizuki started trembling, but she didn't run away. Yusuke grasps the front of her thighs with both of his hands, moving them to the back of her ass. He then presses his penis inside her panties.

「 ..... 」

Mizuki closed her eyes as she resumed stroking with her hands. She used her ten fingers to stimulate Yusuke to the point where it began to feel slimy at the root of the tip, she wanted him to cum on her thighs.

He continued rubbing onto her thighs while embracing Mizuki. He was reaching his limit.

Pushing it to the most soft part of the thigh, his penis began to spit out a muddy liquid.

*Splurt Splurt*

Mizuki’s white skin was contaminated.

Finished, Yusuke slowly raised his body, pulling his erect penis that was slowly becoming restful.

「 ..... 」

Mizuki muttered something, but he couldn’t catch what she said. She used toilet paper and wiped the dirt on her thighs while not giving a single glance at Yusuke.

=====

You have reached the ‘End’ of the ero ero scenes.

=====

After he was done, he left Mizuki alone to get dressed. Then he lazily returned to a room where he nearly bumped into one of her brothers. There was small toy car with sweets lined against each other, it seemed like the little brother was playing with them.

When the boy saw Yusuke, he panicked and tried to put away the toy car.

「 It’s fine, it’s fine. It’s good to have fun. 」

Trying to walk over his play things, the sound of the little boys stomach grumbling could be heard.

Hearing this, Yusuke was puzzled.

「Could it be... That you're Takashi?」

He gave a small nod.

「I thought I brought in a lot of food? What happened to it? 」

Shaking his head in rejection, Takashi was trembling.

「Since food is valuable, I tried to save it. 」

「Huh..... Did your older sister tell you to do that? 」

Takashi nodded in agreement.

「Well.....Saving is a good thing. 」

To gather food, one must risk their life for it. So its reasonable that he would listen to his sisters words. Or probably he's just considering trying to lower the amount that Yusuke charges them. Well if you think about it, that would be normal.

Yusuke sat on the sofa as he watched Takashi playing with his toy car.

While he was looking at the child who was playing with his toy alone with an empty stomach, Yusuke was struck with déjà vu.

He was reminded of an image of a small child. The child was eagerly awaiting for his grandfather to return from the Silver Center as he played with his cheap toys amongst the sunset.

Yusuke indistinctly moved his eyes to the child in front of him.

Takashi, who has been playing with the toy car suddenly looked at him.

Mizuki entered the room, her eyes filled with strange emptiness.

After taking a glance at the sudden appearance, he quickly shifted his gaze back to Takashi.

「 Ma-kun? 」

「 Err... He's over there. 」

He pointed towards the conference room.

「 Now then, shall we rest? 」

The two of them held their hands together peacefully as they both left the room.

Left behind, Yusuke laid the back of his head onto the sofa as he gave out a small sigh.

Without any reason to remain, Yusuke left the place immediately.

He withdrew to the first floor, on his way out of the entrance he stopped.

「 Ah I forgot my bag..... 」

He returned to the backyard, and went towards the elevator. Near the passageway, the scene took his eyes.

The elevator door was opening slowly.

「 ..... Huh? 」

Instinctively, he stopped moving.

Inside of the elevator, Mizuki appeared. She held her own bag, and on her shoulder she was carrying Yusuke's bag aswell.

Behind her, the two younger brothers were there too. Both of them had a rucksack on their backs. Neither of them had any sort of weapon on them, their appearance looked like they were heading off for a picnic.

「 Hey, What're you doing? 」

Hearing the voice from Yusuke, Mizuki turned around.

Beginning to recognize the source of the voice, she hastily ran towards the opposite direction. Her brothers dumbfounded by the situation were dragged along by Mizuki.

「 Where are you going! It's dangerous! 」

In reply to what he said, with a harsh tone she replied;

「 I'm going back home! 」

— Chapter 17 End —

## Chapter 18: Day Zero

It was after 7:00 p.m. Her brothers had already had their bath and Mizuki was drying their hair.

"Wait, it's still not dry yet, hora hora"

With loud cheers, her brothers were scuffling. They appeared to be having fun. With a wry smile, Mizuki wipes away the moisture. They put on their pajamas and she takes them to the living room.

She gets milk from the kitchen and fills three glasses. At that time, her father's voice could be heard from the living room.

"Riot....?"

"Eh?"

"No, on the news...."

Her father said with a dubious voice as he watched the news. She peeked at the T.V. from the back, and a banner was flowing across the screen reading "Urgent News". A news caster read the report in a monotone voice. At a station near the Tokyo metropolitan area, there was a large scale riot taking place. There were even reports of a few casualties.

"Mom, come here. Looks like there's a riot. It's urgent news."

".....ara? Really?"

Her mother poked her head out of the kitchen. As the three of them were watching, reports came one after another. It wasn't just limited to the Tokyo metropolitan area, riots were happening all over the city. The cause was unknown. The number of casualties was also unknown.

"For there to be riots in Japan...."

Her mother muttered in a worried voice. As the news continued, the name of a familiar place came up. That place was just five stations from their neighborhood. Her father spoke with a dumbfounded expression,

"Isn't it getting close....."

At that time, discomfoting sirens could be heard outside their house. It was from the speakers which came on every night at 5 o'clock to play children's songs. As the city speakers normally only came on to play these muffled and difficult to hear songs, they were something you tuned out; but now, the three of them listened intently. They turned off the T.V., stood still, and kept quiet. A broadcast started, and with intermittent speech, it told them to evacuate to a certain area immediately.

(TL: The way the author wrote this paragraph was confusing, redundant, and unorganized. I took the liberty of reconstructing it so that it makes more sense.)



"....."

The living room was wrapped in silence.

Mizuki's father stood up,

"Kaa-san, prepare rucksacks for everyone. Mizuki, take care of your brothers."

(TL: The father refers to the mother as mother. IDK if I should write wife, honey, mother, or what... so I just left it as kaa-san.)

"Y, yes."

In a hurry, her mother stood and left the room. Mizuki, with an anxious feeling thought,

'Isn't evacuation a bit over-kill?'

It wasn't disaster-level news, and even if there were riots, they were still far away. She didn't think they would come out this far. Mizuki took her brothers to their room and they changed from pajamas to outdoor clothes. The brothers looked up at Mizuki and spoke.

"What is 'Riot'?"

"Eh? U—um..... when a bunch of people go on a rampage. It's a big

fight, I guess?"

"They're fighting?"

"That's right. And fighting is bad, okay? Now then, you two get your bags ready, we are leaving now."

"Okay."

They packed a change of clothes and a towel in their backpacks, Mizuki also packed her own things. With their bags over their shoulders, they went downstairs. There, their father was preparing the car in the garage. Plugging in the car engine, the headlights lit up the dark driveway.

(TL: I think it is an electric car. I have no idea how they work, so I did my best.)

Seeing that, Mizuki was surprised. The shelter was nearby the elementary school, it wasn't so far away that you would need a car. Even if you walked, it would only take about 10 minutes.

"We're taking the car? I think walking would be....."

"I have a bad feeling. It is better to get there quickly."

Suddenly, down the driveway in the light, a man with an anxious look on his face could be seen. It was Takasaki-san, the husband of the house next door. Mizuki's father stepped away from the car and talked about

something with Takasaki-san.

"Mizuki!"

Turning towards the voice, a tall boy with black hair could be seen standing there. He was the only son of the Takasaki house and Mizuki's childhood friend.

"A-kun...."

"You're evacuating too? I wonder what's going on, with the riots."

"Yeah.... I'm not sure but, my dad says we should evacuate just in case."

At that time, her mother finished closing up the house, and came to the garage. She was carrying biscuits, canned food, and other emergency food, along with bottled water.

"Ara, Atsushi-kun, good evening. Something troubling has happened huh. Mizuki, please pack these in your bag."

Just as she's told, she packs the goods in hers and her brother's bags. Her brothers were designated to carry the bottled water.

"Well then, I'm going back. See you later."

"Yeah."

Mizuki smiled and waved her hand. 'Because we live next to each other, we should see each other at the shelter right?' She feels her anxiety fade a bit.

Suddenly she remembers that she left the hair dryer behind. Mizuki wondered if she should go back and get it. It would be troublesome if people saw her bedhead – she thought. As she thought this, her father finished his conversation, and returned to the car.

"It looks like we'll be evacuating with Takasaki-san. We're leaving now."

Mizuki gave up on the dryer, and together with her brothers, climbed into the back seat of the car. Continuing after them, her mother sat in the passenger seat. After her father checked his seatbelt, he started the car.

About half way to the elementary school, we could no longer travel by car. There was insane traffic. There were cars lined up down the street as far as the eye could see. Honking and yelling could be heard everywhere. You couldn't move forward at all.

There were strange lines mixed into the noise. Apparently there were fires just out of sight.

".....It's impossible huh. Let's get out here."

Mizuki's father cut over to the side of the road and parked in front of a shop. From there, the five of them got out of the car. Noticing the keys were seemingly left in the car, Mizuki spoke up,

"Dad, the key?"

"It's fine to leave them! People would be troubled if they couldn't move it."

"O, okay....."

Though she was worried whether the car would be stolen or not, Mizuki stayed quiet and nodded. That it took until now to realize that they should abandon the car to evacuate to the nearby elementary school, she didn't understand.

There, someone's figure was running up to them. It was Atsushi.

"Mizuki! Is your car okay?"

"Yeah, it's because we are in a hurry."

Her father noticed Atsushi,

"Atsushi-kun, you're by yourself? Where are your parents?"

"They are taking the car to the house and coming back as it seems we won't be able to get there with it. It was decided that I would go on ahead by myself. Can I accompany you guys?"

"Is that so.... Alright, we'll go together."

When the Takasaki family's car U-turned into the opposite lane, several people jumped out in front of them. A dull thud resounded as their car crashed into them. One after another they fell as the car ran over their collapsed bodies, until it came to a stop.

"They've done it...."

Mizuki's father mutters, dumbfounded. A puddle of blood spreads from under the car.

"Eh....."

His mind coming to understand the situation, Atsushi's voice leaks. In front of his eyes, his parents ran over people.

"Let's go! We have to help them!"

To her father's voice, Mizuki comes to her senses. Even if she is told to hurry, the earlier spectacle left her frozen. The car door opens, and as the flustered Takasaki couple is standing in front of the bodies, men running from the side road jump out at them. The husband and wife are dragged to the ground and scream. With crazed motions, the men slam the couple's arms to the ground, press into them, and bite their face.

"Wa....."

Without thinking, Mizuki's father stops in his tracks.

"Wa, what the.....?"

Dumbfounded, his voice leaks out. Within his line of sight, several more shaking figures appear. Some are drenched in blood, other's limbs are broken. The atmosphere was completely abnormal. Right then, beside him, a girl's scream was heard.

He looks back, and not even five meters away, from the shadow of the side road, a mass of people were pouring out. They all had similar hollow eyes, staggering as if they were sick. In the next moment, as if their earlier slowness was a lie, the mass of people began to move. They haphazardly attacked the people in the line of traffic.

Mizuki rigidly stared at the middle age woman approaching her. It was a normal old lady, one you would pass by on the sidewalk without even noticing. With her hands hanging loosely at her sides as if on a brisk walk, she came closer. Both her hands and her mouth were dyed red, and her eyes were hollow. Right when her hands were about to reach Mizuki,

"Run away!"

Her father crashed into the woman's body. The woman is slammed into a car, and while staggering, gets back up. Screams arise from their surroundings, as if they were a herd attacked by a predator, and people scattered.

Mizuki instinctively searched through the surrounding crowd of people,

and found her brothers standing between two cars. She grabbed their hands, squeezing them tightly; and while pressing through the crowd, ran away.



## Chapter 19: Confined Group

She awoke from the cold. At both her sides, her brothers were sleeping while clinging to her. Feeling that body temperature, Mizuki looks at her surroundings; and with a puzzled expression, discovers that she is in an unfamiliar room. In the corner of this room lined with desks, three people sat crowded in a corner. Underneath them lay numerous cushions.

(Ah, that's right....)

Fragmented images surfaced in her mind. The dark streets, her grabbing the hands of her brothers, running a great distance to get away... She just ran after the backs of the people in front of her, not thinking about where she was going. They escaped to a place that seemed to be a huge parking lot. As if evicted, people came from the surroundings, seeking shelter inside the Supermarket.

A number of employees were on the first floor. Outside were many dallying shoppers, looking as if they wanted to seek refuge inside. Strange looks were coming from the people who flocked there. Angrily, a security guard approached them,

"Hold it! What are you guys doing?!"

In the middle of his words, he directed his attention to somewhere else. He seemed to have noticed the shaking appearances that were gathered outside of the automatic garage door. Once the door had opened, the figures which were pushing and shoving up against the glass, plunge

forward, knocking and shoving each other as they poured inside. In a hurried voice, the security guard spoke,

“Oi! Close the shutters! Close—!”

(TL: For those who are confused—The humans are in the supermarket, standing around. A security guard approaches them, telling them to get out. At that time, the figures (zombies) which were running into the glass, finally opened the automatic doors and rushed in. Panicked, the guard tells the employees to close the shutters in order to stop them from getting in.)

Hearing that voice at her back, Mizuki left the group of people, and ran upstairs. She had to find somewhere else that was safe. She heard screams resound from behind her at a distance. They climbed to the 3rd floor, which had a sign next to it reading ‘Employees Only’. In the back, there appeared to be a lone old man monitoring the state of the store through the security cameras. The old man, with a green face, welcomed them into the room, shutting the fire door behind them.

With the people following behind, seven people entered the room. Mizuki and her brothers, a young couple, a lean man who appeared to be in his 30's, and a middle aged old lady. With the old man (employee) they met, there were eight people in total.

(I wonder if dad and the rest are alright....)

She took out her cell phone, redialing her parents; and just like yesterday, it rang and rang without answer. While quietly musing over this, she vaguely hears a far away sound. There was also the sound of

someone's voice.

In a way so that she wouldn't wake her brothers, she gently separated from them. Walking down the corridor, she headed towards the noise. Something was banging on the fire door from outside, and the old man employee raises his voice from in front of the door.

"Please calm down! What happened? Calm down! If you would like to enter, then please say so!"

There was no reply to his words, only a dull banging sound could be heard from the other side.

"U, umm....." (TL: "A, ano....")

Noticing Mizuki, the old man turns around.

"Ahh....this, this has been going on since last night. Because there is no reply, I didn't let them in but...."

"P, please don't let them in! They are not normal, definitely."

"Alright....." (TL: "umu....")

He lets out a breath with his arms folded.

"Have the children woken up? We have a stockpile of food, so if you

don't have anything to eat, please tell me. We have enough to feed 10 people for three days."

"Thank you very much. I will take care so that the preserved food doesn't run out."

Mizuki bows her head.

"Right, this will all be settled shortly. Let's be patient until the police get here."

But, in three days, rescue never came.

The banging on the fire door subsided a bit but, there were still signs of something wriggling behind it. The old man employee tried to contact various places but, there were either interruptions or complications, and he wasn't ever able to get a decent connection.

The portable T.V., which was set in the corner, reported news of a new type of rabies. Because the people infected become violent, the infection was thought to be the cause of the riots. An aerial shot from a helicopter projected a scene of violent mobs spread throughout the city. On the screen, the word 'zombie' was dancing.

During commercial breaks, the screen just became fuzzy. It wasn't normal.

(TL: Fuzzy = Black and white sandstorm.)

In the office, a cooped-up feeling was in the air. Everyone was silent, staring at the T.V. The couple was snuggled in a corner, the middle aged woman was clasping her cell phone in her hand, the lean man took some distance and kept quiet.

Over those three days, the people shut in together never spoke to each other; and had spent the time separated from one another. Even the old man employee deliberately refused to take leadership, only passing out food when asked. When the news said that provisional government's quick response self-defense force had taken action, the old man stood and spoke.

"I think we should go outside and call the rescue team."

There was no reaction to his words. In silence, everyone searched each other's faces.

"I've left an S.O.S. cloth hanging from the rooftop, so rest assured that the police will come if they pass by."

To the old man who said that while leaving, no one seemed to be calling out to him.

"Ano.." (TL: Calling out to him)

He turned around to Mizuki's voice.

"Will it be alright....? It's dangerous...."

The old man replied with a troubled expression,

".....my family, I haven't been able to contact them..... I'm worried."

To those words, Mizuki couldn't say anything.

The old man never returned. With no hint of rescue coming, on the 5th day, the T.V. no longer received a signal. Without reason to watch the T.V., everyone stopped gathering in the office. Continuing to redial her parents, Mizuki's cell phone ran out of battery, and she didn't have a charger.

She cut the food they brought from their house in half, and determined that eating any more than that would be dangerous. She peeked into the locker in the corner, which held the stockpiled food. The cup noodles which were stored there had been reduced to 1/3 the original amount. She took two servings worth, and split it equally between her and her brothers.

When entering the hot water supply room to get some drinks, there was someone already there. It was the girl of the couple.

"Ah..... can I borrow some, for the cup noodles?"

" ....."

The girl never answered. She just drank hot water from the pot in silence.

"Ano...."

"You can get some without permission you know? It's not mine."

Saying that, the girl turned and left. Mizuki stood there in silence for a bit, but with a breath, she bent down and took out the cup noodles.

The feeling of time disappeared. The only sense of time was how much longer they could survive on the vanishing food.

Her brother Masaru woke up at midnight, needing to go to the bathroom; and Mizuki accompanied him to the restroom. So that they don't get turned around, she turned on the light, lighting up the corridor. Waiting on her brother at the entrance to the bathroom, she heard a faint voice. She tilted her head, trying to hear it more clearly.

The voice was coming from inside the locker room in the back. Stepping closer, a girl's gasps could be heard. The sound of something hitting against something echoed.

(!)

Mizuki held in her voice and stepped back.

The couple from before was inside. As it was a locker room, she locked

the door. With her face turning red, Mizuki returned to the men's restroom. It sounded as if someone was just leaving so she lets out her voice,

"Maaku, n....?"

(TL: Thinking it is her brother –Maa-kun– , she calls out to him, but breaks 'kun' into 'ku' and 'n'.)

The person that came out wasn't her brother, but the lean older male. He looked at her with sunken eyes.

"Ah... I'm sorry...."

"....."

The man rudely stared at Mizuki's body. At those eyes which seemed to crawl up and down her body, Mizuki was covered in goosebumps.

"....."

The man left in silence. While holding her chest, she felt a sense of impending crisis.

Eventually, Mizuki began to realize rescue was not coming. The office's food had run out. The small amount of food they had brought could no longer feed three people. Thanks to the hot water, they were still feeding themselves off of powdered milk and sugar, but sooner or later, they



would reach their limit.

The danger of them running out of food had happened.

At midnight, while they were sleeping, Mizuki feels something strange and wakes up. Drowsily, she sits up and hears footsteps nearby. She directs her attention towards them and sees the back of a man leaving the room. Like that, he goes outside.

Mizuki understood the meaning of the scene that happened before her, and thinking about it made her back crawl. The man had been beside her, and when he saw her wake up, left.

(TL: Night molestation :D)

(What was going to happen to me? What was going to happen if I didn't wake up? It's dangerous to remain here.)

She would have to take her brothers along, she doesn't have the courage to go outside alone. When approaching the fire door, even now you could hear something hitting against it from the other side. Mizuki didn't want to think about what was behind it.

Just like the T.V. in the office, the phone had no connection. Even optimistically, she couldn't think it was safe outside. She decides to tag along when the old lady or the couple decide to leave.

She makes that decision and sleeps the rest of the day until the next morning.

When she woke up, it felt like there were less people on the floor. In fact, the only person left was the lean looking male. Everyone else was gone. Although her mind had not yet understood what was going on, Mizuki asked,

"Ano... where is everyone....?"

".....Ah. They left."

"Eh....."

"This morning. The three of them. Using the elevator."

Mizuki was silent.

(Perhaps they thought two children were a nuisance...)

But, more than the shock of being left behind,

(Why did this person stay behind....?)

A chill hit Mizuki. The man was leaning back in a chair with his feet on a desk, staring at her with hazy eyes. He had a strange presence. Until then, the atmosphere of him sitting by himself in the corner wasn't strange. As if he was the husband of this place, he sat there in the chair with a relaxed look.

(TL: Japanese say husband or wife of a household, basically she is saying as if it was his house.)

That day, I felt the gaze of the man stick to me many times. When I turn to look, he adverts his gaze, but it's obvious he was looking at me. An alarm sounded in the back of my mind.

(Scary, scary, scary)

(I want to go outside. I want to go home. But, I don't have the courage. Those who left hadn't come back.)

That day, Mizuki never left her brothers. At night, they moved to the locker room; and locking the door, they slept on the hard floor. At the sound of something rattling, she woke up.

Emerging from her dim consciousness, the sight of the door knob turning back and forth countless times entered her vision.

"!!!"

Mizuki became stiff with fear. Squeezing out a voice, she called out.

"W, what is it.....?"

"....."

After some silence, the man's voice could be heard from the other side,

"I found some food, so I thought I'd share it with you."

(At this time of night?)

Thinking that, Mizuki speaks out,

"T, thank you, very much. Tomorrow, we'll have some tomorrow."

"....."

With a rattling noise, the doorknob is once again turned back and forth.

Mizuki swallows a scream, and hugs her body. Having woken up, her brothers saw her appearance. Without raising their voice, they clung to her. After a few minutes, the doorknob finally stopped rattling.

With a bang, the door was kicked. The man's footsteps slowly became further away.

".....haaa, haaa, haaa"

Letting out her held breath, Mizuki wipes a stray tear from her eyes. Her brothers look up at her with worried eyes.

"S, sorry. Onee-chan's okay....." (TL: Onee-chan is big sister.)

Concealing her fear, she wraps her brothers in her arms. Taking in that warmth, she mutters,

"Dad..... A-kun..... help....." (TL: tasukete)

Tomorrow came and they spent half the day without leaving the locker room. However, the need to use the bathroom, and their thirst, became unbearable. Gingerly, they check outside.

There was no sound, nor was there any evidence that anyone was there. Steeling themselves, they check each room, finding nobody. Only Mizuki and her brothers were left on the floor.

## Chapter 20: Wishful Thinking

With the powdered milk and sugar gone from the hot water supply room, Mizuki and her brothers stayed in the innermost room of the floor, eating the candy they found in desks. Splitting the very last of the food between her brothers, Mizuki lost energy to the point where even waking up was troublesome.

Shaking her, her brother has a hard time waking her up. With hazy eyes, she looks at Takashi. Moving her gaze in the direction he was pointing, she saw a man standing there. Reflexively she starts to scream, but as if to cut her off, the man holds up his hands and opens his mouth; saying he isn't anyone suspicious.

To those words, Mizuki stuttered. If she looked closely at his face, he wasn't someone she remembered. He was someone else. He had black hair, and on his face, which lacked characteristics, there were a pair of sharp eyes. As if observing something, a strange look surfaced in his eyes. While placing his bag on the floor, the man asked, "Want to eat?"

After that, the situation constantly changed. With food no longer a problem, they were left with nothing but free time. During this time, Mizuki's heart becomes disturbed. Resting her body on the couch, hazily looking at her brothers, her spirit seemed to be fading.

In order to get food, she has to 'comfort' that guy's 'thing'. Whether that fact is reality or not, she doesn't know.

If they were to be abandoned now, they would certainly starve. With that imminent fate weighing on her mind, she decided to handle his 'thing' in exchange for food. However, her heart couldn't agree with her decision.

(Why.....)

The first time, she ended it quickly out of desperation. The second time, as if watching it all happen on a film, she lost her sense of reality.

(Why am I doing this sort of thing?)

In the men's restroom, with her fingers wrapped around his hard 'thing', Mizuki is consumed by this thought.

(Even if I was the one who suggested it.....)

In order to get food, she had no choice but to do it. If she had rejected him, he could easily have abandoned them. Looking at him, she understood. He wasn't very obsessed with Mizuki. She didn't feel his gaze stick to her like the other's did.

If it was a man's gaze, it was something she had felt on a daily basis. The gazes of her flattering juniors, or of her childhood friend, Mizuki instinctively knew how to dodge them.

(TL: Poor A-kun, that friend zone, my opinion of Mizuki has somewhat fallen.)

However, that gaze which looked at her as if she were worthless.....

If faced by that lean man's vicious eyes and asked whether to starve or please him, she would have probably refused. She would have been overcome with fear and ran away instinctively.

(That kind of....)

Approached with that cold and cruel deal, what had been wounded was her pride. However, in order to keep her and her brothers alive, she couldn't refuse it. There was no fear. There was only the anger of having no choice but to receive the help.

Suddenly a question popped into her head.

(Was it really not safe outside?)

That thought had sprouted in a corner of her mind, and gradually spread.

(Why can that person so easily come and go? Even though it's said to be dangerous, how is he able to gather that much food?)

In the first place, the atmosphere was strange. Everyone that had been shut up in this office were nervous about the situation. Anxious, in despair, stir crazy; she couldn't feel these from him at all.



(Haven't the mobs already disappeared?)

(Wasn't he just hiding that fact, and tricking me into doing this for him?)

The memory of that hectic night had dimmed. (TL: The night with all the traffic.)

(But it's weird. For there to be zombies..... What if everything has calmed down..... And dad and mom are at the house, waiting for us to return.....? If they are worried, calling around..... Waiting for us to come home.....)

Deep in thought, Mizuki's pupils slowly spread out.

(What am I even doing here.....?)

As it spun around and around in her head, that thought grew.

After making sure Yusuke had gone down in the elevator, Mizuki returned to the room. After finding a field bag, she picks it up. She packs the food hidden at the bottom of the locker, and throws the bag over her shoulder. She looks back at her brothers, also holding their bags. They had almost finished preparing.

(It'll be fine..... Even that person was able to leave so easily.....)

".....Well, shall we return?"

To Mizuki's words, Masaru looks up with a worried expression.

"We're finally going back?"

"Yep. Mom's waiting for us you know. Probably."

Mizuki nods. Her brothers smile; which was something she hadn't seen them do in a while. They climb over the barricade and face the elevator. She presses a button, calling the elevator back up; and watches the overhead display as it counts up from the first floor to the third.

(It'll be okay..... It'll definitely..... be okay.....)

The elevator doors open and the three of them get in.

She presses the button for floor one, and the elevator begins its decent. Feeling the floating feeling, characteristic of all elevators, she watches the display.

3F, 2F, 1F.

Gradually, her vision narrows, and her surroundings begin to darken to the point where all she can see are the floor numbers.

(Why did I bring food? If it was safe outside, I shouldn't need something like that. I should be able to safely walk home, take a shower, eat a meal, and with that it would all be over.)

(Had I thought that something would happen outside?)

Her breathing became ragged. Her whole body felt as if it had been covered in goosebumps.

Mistake.

It felt like she was making a grave mistake. Right now, she could still turn back..... As if imagining a scene where she was dragged into the depths of hell, Mizuki prayed.

(That's wrong..... It has to be safe..... please.....)

The doors to the first floor open.

Nothing was there. There was only the backyard isle spread before them.

(TL: I guess it is similar to an isle in Walmart that sells outdoor stuff?)

Cautiously, they stepped outside. There was nobody around, the place was uninhabited. Mizuki let out a sigh of relief, and adjusted the bag on her shoulders.

(See, it's just as I predicted. There isn't something like zombies.....)

“Oi, what are you doing?”

Surprised at the voice, Mizuki turns towards it. When she turns, she sees Yusuke standing there. He looks at them questioningly.

He was returning to get his bag that he left. She found someone she shouldn't have found. Taking her brothers along with her, she turns and runs in the opposite direction.

“Where are you going!? It's dangerous!”

(There's no way it's dangerous!)

Suppressing the urge to shout this, Mizuki responds by yelling,

“We're going home!”

“Ta-kun, Ma-kun, let's go home!”

In response to that joyful voice, her brothers make strange faces, but quietly follow along. They open the double swinging doors at the back of the backyard section.

There, Mizuki froze.

She saw three people standing by the fruit corner. All three of them looked in her direction. It was the same atmosphere as that night. (TL:

Day zero night)

Their gaze was full of malice. They had the look of predators. She felt their gaze pierce through her body.

"Ah....."

Before she could say anything, a man approached from between two shelves.

"Old, Old man....." (TL: "Oji, san...." It's the old man employee)

She muttered while dumbfounded.

It was the employee that was the first to leave. Half of his scalp was peeled back, exposing the skull underneath. The hair and skin were hanging beside his ear. His eyes were hollow and he had dried blood coating his chest and stomach.

No matter how you looked at it, he was dead.

Her brain stopped thinking all together.

"What are you doing?!"

Yusuke's voice overlapped with the man coming to attack. Mizuki trips over her legs and falls. Missing her, the man's attack digs into the

luggage on her back, knocking it to the floor with a loud sound.

The other zombies began to move.

Feeling something pulling on her arm, Mizuki looks and sees Masaru tugging on her. With a face that looks like he's about to cry, he frantically tries to drag her to the elevator.

"What the hell are you doing?! Hurry up and get the kids back out of the way!"

Yusuke runs over. He throws himself into the zombie that is trying to attack Takashi, and together, they fall over. Mizuki tries to stand, but her legs won't support her. As if all her strength had left her, she tumbles to the ground. With no other option, she crawls towards the elevator.

"Don't act violently!"

Behind her, she could hear Yusuke's angry voice and fierce fighting.

Finally, the three of them made it inside the elevator. While shaking and trembling, Mizuki uses the wall as support to rise to her feet. She looks at Yusuke, who is entangled with the zombies,

"Ah..... Takemura-san, h, hurry up...."

"Shut the door already you dimwit! Go! Go!"

(TL: He calls her “bokenasu” which literally means “dumb eggplant” xD)

While jumping, Takashi presses the button to the 3rd floor. Slowly, the doors shut. In the narrow gap of the closing doors, Yusuke struggles to hold back the zombies. He loses to the power of the rushing zombies, and falls to the ground. Cutting off the spectacle, the doors finally shut.

The elevator rises.

After what felt like an eternity, the elevator dings. Having left everything behind, they arrived at the 3rd floor.

With a sick feeling, Mizuki pulls her brothers out of the elevator. Slowly, they climb over the barricade and sit against the wall on the other side.

For a while, no one said anything. The elevator showed no movement. It remained at the 3rd floor the entire time. With a blank expression, she sat there with her brothers, staring at it for nearly an hour.

The elevator didn't move at all. It was never called back down.

“Big bro, died.” (TL: Onii-chan)

With a soft voice, Masaru mutters such.

At those words, it felt like her hardened body was softening. Something was building up in the back of her throat. (TL: Feeling when you're about to cry)

"Guu.....uu....."

(We can't return. We are all going to die.)

(I killed us.)

".....uu.....uuu.....gu....."

(Even though I knew it wasn't safe)

"Fuue.....uu.....uu....."

Mizuki sat there like, sobbing as if she were a child.



## Chapter 21: The Dim Cityscape

Watching the zombies crowd around the elevator doors, Yusuke gets up.

"Ouch—....., damn, their feet even left marks."

He lightly dusts off his clothes.

"Seriously, what were they doing?"

(They suddenly come down the elevator, get attacked by zombies, then run back...)

Yusuke couldn't understand their reasoning at all.

"Anyway, I have to do something about these guys huh...."

Three zombies were scratching at the elevator door. Because Mizuki and her brothers had moved far away, the zombie's aggression had died down.

"Right...." (TL: "U—n....")

He put his hand on his holster. He was scared of using the gun before,

but now, if he shot the head of the zombies, they would die.

However, with Mizuki and her brothers already safe, there is no need for him to go that far. The floor would get dirty, cleaning up the corpses would be a hassle, and it would shrink the defense personnel. If he reduced the number of zombies too much, in the off chance that humans come across this place, the food would be in danger. If possible, he wanted to keep as many zombies here as he could.

"Hey, come here for a second. Oi, I told you there's no longer anyone there!"

(TL: he says "feed" in place of "Anyone".)

He tries pulling on their bodies, but the zombies are more persistent than expected. Hooked on the lingering sent of humans, the zombies refuse to leave the elevator doors.

"Shit....."

Fed up, he looks around and notices food scattered all over the floor. Both his bag, and Mizuki's bag were lying there.

"She brought the food while trying to escape....? Meaning she wasn't suicidal... Did she think she could escape?"

Yusuke tilted his head.

If Mizuki's willfulness ever caused her to pull something like this again, he decided he would abandon her. Even if they are prospects for a labor force, he has no need for a madman.

"Well, whatever. First I need to move these guys."

If he left them as they were, they would leisurely stand there for about a week. He could use the stairs to come and go, but climbing them every time would be troublesome. Borrowing several ropes from the 2nd floor misc. goods corner, he ties one end to one of the zombie's torso, and connects the other end to his bike parked at the rear entrance. He puts the engine in low gear, and while leaving a skid mark on the ground, slowly pulls it away from the door.

So that it wouldn't be able to leave the area out in front of the automatic doors, he ties it to a nearby fence with the rope. Repeating this process, he drags the other two zombies out as well.

This way, if anyone intrudes, the zombies will attack them. If the zombies remained in good condition, that entrance would be safe.

"I say it as if it's a sure thing..."

Looking at the zombies tethered to the fence near the automatic doors, Yusuke nods in satisfaction.

"Speaking of which....."

Prowling around the road by the parking garage, were 10 or so

zombies; and there were another three... no, four zombies in the department on the first floor. Like the previous ones, they were wandering monsters.

If a decent number of people were to cut through, they would need to be well armed. It was like that all around the supermarket, and thinking this, most of his worries are put to rest.

“Actually, exactly how much is the combat potential of the zombies?”

If they were the slow moving zombies, you could easily end them with a single blow to the head using an axe or something; but when they speed up....

Even equipped with a handgun, it would be hard for Yusuke to slay one of them, coming at him from a distance. He isn't experienced enough to hit their moving heads, and even if he hit their torso, they don't stop moving. Therefore, they have to be hit with something first, to stop their movements, then shot in the head.

(But wouldn't it be fine if I used the gun as a melee weapon?)

“Also, I haven't been able to find a sharp weapon.”

Hatchets, machetes, or knives. If a time ever came where he had to quickly dispose of the zombies, they would be convenient.

With that thought, he completed his work. At that time, the sun was starting to set, and the sky became red.

Yusuke returns to the elevator, picks up the bags lying on the floor, and presses the button calling it down.

The first to notice Yusuke enter the room were Mizuki's brothers. Their eyes became wide, and started sparkling. When he asked them about her, they pointed to the desk in the back. When he peeked at the Mizuki underneath the desk, she was rolled up, sitting with her face buried in her knees.

"What the hell are you doing....?"

At that spectacle, Yusuke felt himself become weak. Mizuki raises her face, and seeing Yusuke holding the bags, stiffened with a dumbfounded expression. As if she had been crying, her eyes were swollen red.

"Ah.....eh.....wh, why.....?"

Mizuki leaks out a voice.

"What do you mean why? What were you doi...."

There, he noticed the gazes of her two brothers. Setting the bags in front of the two brothers, he speaks to them.

"You two haven't eaten yet right? You don't have to worry about saving any, so eat your fill. You know how to open it right?"

The two nod their heads.

"Good. Your sister and I have something important to discuss, so don't get in the way, alright?"

Feeling their gaze on his back, Yusuke left the room with Mizuki trailing behind him while looking as if she had lost her strength. Leaving the office and entering the hallway, the two face each other.

"So? Why did you do such a thing?"

"....."

Mizuki held her gaze to the floor without answering.

"Say something. You guys were going to die you know?"

".....n't.....I.....thought....."

"Speak up."

"I thought..... outside..... was safe....."

"What?"

"Dad..... mom, they were waiting for us..... to return....."

"....."

Yusuke was silent.

Mizuki also kept her mouth shut, and like that, the neither of them said a word.

After a while, Yusuke slowly opens his mouth.

"Did you check if the phone connected? The office has a phone right?"

"....."

Mizuki shook her head.

"Did you not think of going down by yourself first to check the situation? Why did you take the kids with you?"

"....."

Mizuki hangs her head in silence. Yusuke draws a deep breath and scratches his head.

".....but!"

Mizuki shouts with a distraught voice.

"For there to be zombies! Something like that..... They don't exist....."

Her last word is caught in her throat, and she starts to cry.

".....you, come here for a sec."

Even though Yusuke grabs her by the hand, she does not resist.

The place he takes her, is the roof of the supermarket. After climbing the private stairwell, scattered around the rooftop before them were various tanks and equipment. Pushing past the obstructions, they near the edge of the roof.

"....."

At that wide open scenery, Mizuki said nothing.

All around the parking garage of the supermarket, there were numerous figures. The surrounding roads were littered with crashed cars and wandering people who used to be human.

"You understand, don't you?"

Mizuki didn't answer those words.

Clasping the railing firmly with her hands, she stares at the scene.



Gradually, the day turned to night, and the surroundings grew dark. Even then, no lights came on. It was as if all the houses in sight were dead asleep. The windows of the apartment buildings remained dark, and were silent, as if there was no longer anyone living there.

"There are no lights because there are no survivors. If something turns on, it just because a switch happened to be flipped."

"....."

For roughly 30 minutes, they stared at the scene. Finally, Mizuki opens her mouth to speak.

".....everyone's disappeared, haven't they..."

"Aa" (TL: Confirming what she said.)

".....do you think my mother and father are safe?"

"I wonder. People who are lucky like you guys, there's only about one in 100 remaining. But, the only survivors I've seen are you guys."

Hearing those words, Mizuki lets out a small breath, and leans against the fence. With a small voice, she mutters.

".....why is Takemura-san able to remain so composed?"

"Hmm?"

"The city has ended up like this... aren't you scared? Also, before..... how were you, how did you survive against those kind of opponents? I, I thought Takemura-san had... died....."

Mizuki looked at Yusuke with questioning eyes.

(This is bad. I haven't thought of an excuse.)

Yusuke silently turns his head. Certainly it would be impossible for an ordinary human to survive in a situation like that. After a moment of deliberation, he pulls back his coat and takes the pistol out of his revealed holster.

"I took this guy off of a cop's body."

Mizuki stares at it for a while, but when she realizes what it is, she swallows her breath.

".....it isn't, a toy huh?"

"It's the real thing. I cleared away the guys before with it."

In that chaotic situation, Mizuki was also thrown into chaos, so she didn't notice the details. But, to be able to successfully escape from that situation where he couldn't even move by just using a gun, would be impossible.

"Ahh, also, those guys are sensitive to people's presence. When zombies sense fear, they come in groups. If you keep your heart calm, zen, and centered; and you don't get too close, you'll be safe."

Finding a suitable explanation, these words are spouted from Yusuke.

He is aware of the aura he gives off, but in his apartment building, when he came face to face with a zombie, and even grabbed its hips. In that state, the zombie didn't attack, but that was just because he is special.

(TL: Talking about the female zombie, about how he is able to get close to them, which goes against his rules he made up.)

With that said, it would be hard for a human to not fear zombies. Even if they are suspicious of it, they are not likely to confirm whether it's true or not.

However, Mizuki wasn't really listening to the excuses. She was completely focused on the gun the entire time. Eventually, she quietly spoke.

"....if you threatened me with that, you could have freely done anything you wanted to me."

In other words, if she refused the deal for food, he would have just forced her anyway with the gun.

Yusuke raises an eyebrow,

"Don't be conceited. I did have an interest in your body..... but I just thought it sucked to give food for nothing"

"....."

Mizuki takes her sight off the pistol, and looks out at the city.

The sun had sunk, and the town was wrapped in darkness. Within that darkness, were countless moving shadows. That getting food meant risking your life, Mizuki finally feels the weight of that truth.

As if recalling past memories, her blank gaze wanders in the darkness. Breaking away from the darkness, she speaks earnestly.

".....that's, that's right isn't it..... I'm....."

With that kind of fragile atmosphere, Yusuke becomes nervous. If she were to jump from here, his investments would be lost.

".....well, in any case, it's not like Japan has been wiped out. I don't know when rescue might come, but you have to hold out until then. Because you can rely on borrowing lots from me."

Seemingly bottling various feelings, Mizuki looks at her hands gripping the rail. After a while, she swallows hard and nods.

With that their conversation ends.

Yusuke turns on his heel and walks back while Mizuki obediently follows. In front of the door leading inside, he is stopped by Mizuki.

"Ano." (TL: It's kind of like "Hey." Or "Um.")

"What is it?"

"If it's okay with you, after my brothers are asleep..... is it alright?"

"Ah? Yeah."

".....if it's in the locker room, we can lock the door."

"Right, got it." (TL: "Un? Wakatta.")

Just once, Mizuki looked back at the rooftop. Within the darkness, everything became vague. As if getting rid of any lingering regret, she lets out a short breath, and proceeds down the stairs after Yusuke had already descended.

## Chapter 22: Mizuki's Night ◆

To kill time until Mizuki's little brothers fell asleep, Yusuke began rifling through the documents in the monitoring room; searching for something on how to operate the PC which controlled the air conditioner and lighting in the building. Unable to find an official manual, he continues to look for any kind of information on how to use the computer.

(If this place also has a heater, then the nights will be more comfortable.)

Yusuke was thinking about using this as a temporary base for a while. Until now, Mizuki and his relationship wasn't that great, and so he kept her at a distance. However, with the current state Mizuki is in, he felt he could sleep safely around her, though he would still exercise some caution.

(TL: "Not get killed in his sleep" was the literal xD)

There's also the infrastructure. He never thought about it that deeply, but were they in the middle of winter, or was it about to end? Also, if they were ever in a pinch, they would have to have a plan to move to the outdoors center in the mountains.

However without the protection of the zombies, they would be defenseless against attacks from wild animals and humans. Thinking this far, Yusuke decides it's too soon to move now without properly preparing first.

So that Mizuki and her brothers will be able to help with gathering, agriculture, self-defense, and production through the winter; they will have to collect various survival goods and guide books for reference. They would also need a generator as well as gasoline to fuel it.

(Even with a 3 person labor force, there is still a lot to be done to get an operation up and running.)

Fortunately there is a water tank on the roof of the supermarket. If the infrastructure fails, they will still have running water due to the water pressure of the tank on the roof. If they have a stove, then even if the electricity stopped working, they wouldn't be troubled.

Thinking about various things while flipping through the pages, Yusuke hears a knock on the door. Mizuki's face appears from the crack. Her hair is wet and hanging to one side. With a somewhat anxious expression, she opens her mouth.

"Ano.... I'm going ahead." (TL: Ahead of him to the locker room.)

"Ou. I'll be there soon." (TL: "Ou" is equivalent to "alright")

Mizuki's figure soon vanished. Once Yusuke finished flipping through the notes, he stands and leaves.

In the center of the locker room, Mizuki had taken off her shoes and was now sitting in seiza. (TL: Sitting on your heels)

Blankets were spread beneath her. Her moist black hair was held

together behind her back, exposing the white skin on the nape of her neck.

With that appearance, Yusuke understood that Mizuki had stilled her heart, and was prepared for this. It was a bit sudden to Yusuke, but if Mizuki wanted to open up her body to him, he saw no reason to refuse her advance.

There were lockers lined up on both sides of the room, and in the back were a mirror, some chairs, and a dresser. It was a small room with no atmosphere. With a nervous expression, Mizuki looked up at him.

"Ano..... the lights, could you turn them off?"

".....no, this room would become pitch black you know?"

"B, because I have this.."

In Mizuki's hand, she held a flashlight. She flips the switch and points it toward the wall. Once Yusuke turns off the lights, the room is lit by the soft glow of the light reflecting off the wall.

".....well, it's fine."

Yusuke closes the door, locks it, and walks closer to her. As he approaches, Mizuki's body stiffens.

"Just one."



"huh?"

"I have only one favor to ask...."

"What is it?"

"If you could..... if there was a baby, it would be troubling....."

"Ahh..... you're right....."

Becoming pregnant is definitely something one would be scared of in this kind of environment. Being a guy, Yusuke could only imagine, but with Mizuki's expression as if she were prepared for death, it appeared he no longer had to worry about the issue of extortion.

"I don't have a condom..... I'll release it outside, so bear with it for today."

Mizuki silently nods. With Yusuke not refusing her request, she was able to relax a little.

(Cumming inside her would be terrible to Tokiko-chan anyway)

He didn't really have much desire to conquer her in the first place. Her body was fit and suitable for enjoyment, that was all. He sits down in front of her cross-legged.

"Do you have experience? Like a boyfriend or something?"

Mizuki shakes her head.

Sitting in front of Yusuke, Mizuki's rigid body couldn't stay still. With that kind of tension, it was obvious she was inexperienced.

(Having fun with her would be.... impossible huh.... Should I just do as I please?)

"Anyway, lie down."

At those words, Mizuki timidly moves her hands, and changes her posture until she is lying on her back atop the blankets. Her eyes are shut tight, and both of her hands are clasped over her stomach. Straddling her hips, Yusuke places his hands beside her and assumes a posture as if covering her with his body.



(Somehow there's no atmosphere....)

Placing his hand on her breasts, he is able to feel the softness just beneath her thin shirt. The firmness of a bra was not present, and Yusuke's fingers sink into the softness as he grabs her. Mizuki's body becomes stiff as a board.

As if she feels she needs an excuse, Mizuki opens her mouth,

".....I wash my clothes and underwear, but they still get dirty...."

(In other words, if she had to show me her dirty underwear, she would rather not wear them at all huh)

"Fuuun....." (TL: sighing)

Even without a bra, Mizuki's breasts were well shaped, and pressing up through the thin shirt. While fondling those soft mounds through the shirt and hearing Mizuki's quiet sighs, Yusuke became hard.

Like a spear, Yusuke's hand shoots towards Mizuki's jeans, unbuttons them, and pulls down the zipper. As expected, she was not wearing anything underneath her jeans as well, and as the zipper descends, her bush peeks out.

"Ah...."

Mizuki let's out a small voice and stretches out her hands to cover

herself. Her eyes are shut tight and her face is dyed a deep red.

Yusuke wove his middle finger through hers, coming in contact with the flesh of her groin. She was dry. With nothing protruding, he only felt two clean and plump lips. Gently rubbing that area, he watches Mizuki tremble slightly.

"....."

Yusuke raises his body,

"Take off your shirt"

"....."

Mizuki stays silent for a while, then slowly removes one of her hands. Still keeping herself hidden with her other hand, she clumsily takes off her shirt while Yusuke patiently waits.

"I took it off..."

Below the white shirt was Mizuki's naked body, though her hands were hiding an important part of it. At that kind of vulgar appearance, Yusuke became excited. He stripped himself, exposing the lower half of his body. While turning her face away, Mizuki glanced at him from the side.

Again Yusuke covers Mizuki's body with his own, pressing his hardness against her crotch. Forcing her hands aside, Yusuke traces his length up

and down Mizuki's labia. Slowly, the folds protecting Mizuki's important place tense up.

Using both hands, Mizuki spreads open her entrance, and speaks in a trembling voice,

"Ano..... if possible, go slow..... I'm scared....."

"It's not like I would go in when your not wet..... It would hurt for me as well."

(I should have brought some lotion...)

This was the first woman he had to force to get wet, it was quite troublesome. It felt good to rub against it, but that place remained dry. He parted the thin hair on the top of her mound with his finger, and felt around. While feeling around with his fingertips, he rubs her hips and watches her expression for any kind of reaction.

"!...."

Mizuki displayed a faint reaction.

Her stiffness weakened, and with a tickling motion, he traces around that area. Under a thin layer of skin, he felt it swelling. Mizuki faintly lets out a breath.

"How do you usually do it when you are by yourself? Do you like it when

this is done?"

".....I don't-"

"Fuuun" (TL: once again, it's a sigh)

(Maybe she never displayed any reaction to being touched, because she has never been touched directly?)

Yusuke continues to rub her swollen bead with his fingertip, while occasionally grazing the surroundings with the rest of his hand.

"....nnn-"

While watching Mizuki's various reactions, Yusuke gradually becomes more focused. She was reacting to it well, but she was still not wet. It was her first time and she was being embraced by a guy she didn't like. This much was to be expected.

If he were to massage and caress her entire body, she might warm up a little to him but....

(Right.... with this, it's like I'm entertaining her right?)

If he were to make a girl he liked feel good, it would excite him too, but he didn't have that kind of relationship with Mizuki. Yusuke became troubled, and stopped caressing her.

"You, get on top"

".....?"

Using her elbows to prop herself up, Mizuki raises her upper body and looks up at Yusuke.

"I'll lie beside you, and you get on top of me."

"Eh....."

"You don't have to insert it, just mounting me is fine."

Without saying anything further, Yusuke lies down at Mizuki's side. Using his hands as a pillow, he props his head up and urges her with his line of sight.

".....etto" (TL: because "etto" is cute af, I left it Japanese. It means "um")

Timidly, Mizuki sits down on his thighs. She sits on him as if she were a girl riding on a bike.

(TL: legs off to the side.)

"No, not like that. Straddle me as if you were riding a horse."

At those words, Mizuki looks at him with a puzzled expression. Slowly,

her face a deep crimson, she opens her right leg, bringing it to the other side of his thighs. Using both her hands, Mizuki hides her wide open groin.

"It, It's embar..... rassing, doing..... this....."

"And? Come closer."

"....."

With a face dyed in embarrassment, Mizuki uses both legs to slowly slide up Yusuke's thighs until she reaches his hips. Just under Mizuki's floating hips was Yusuke's half risen thing.

"Just like that, sit down and rub it with your hips."

With a red face, Mizuki sent a look of protest toward him.

"It's more scary if I move right? Try making yourself feel good. It'll be painful if you don't get wet after all..."

Mizuki hesitates for a while, but then begins to fearfully lower her hips. Her soft butt distorts and squishes as it comes into contact with Yusuke's thighs. It was an amazing feeling of soft pressure. Mizuki's lower lips hit his thing.

Mizuki speaks in a tearful voice,



".....It's embarrassing....."

She leaks out a small voice.

With Yusuke's silent gaze on her, Mizuki soon gets the message and begins moving. With the sound of dry flesh rubbing against each other, Mizuki's soft hips shake against him.

Rather than a rubbing/stroking motion, it was more up and down; her lips pressing against him repeatedly. It felt like she was using the corner of a desk to get off. Yusuke's hardness, which was currently substituting the corner of a desk, is being compressed by her labia. At this kind of loose movement, a pleasant feeling was slowly building in the hips.

Stretching out his hand, he unbuttons Mizuki's shirt from the bottom up. The bulges which spilled out settled in the palm of his hand. Yusuke uses both of his hands to scoop and massage these beautiful breasts.

(TL: So I'm guessing she just pulled her shirt up around her neck when she said she stripped, and didn't actually take it off.)

"It's okay if you close your eyes. Think about a guy you like."

"....."

Mizuki bites her lip, and placing her hand on Yusuke's stomach, she moves faster. For a while there were no changes, but eventually, a moistness could be felt between their rubbing parts. She begins to rub herself up and down the belly of his shaft. A pleasant feeling began to

crawl up her back.

Mizuki's nipples, which he was rubbing with his fingertips, began to harden and stand up.

".....uu.....aa.....nnnn....."

Mizuki lets out ragged breaths as she wiggles her hips against his.

With time, the movement became more complex, and Yusuke's shaft became wet as well. His veins bulged and throbbed each time Mizuki stroked him.

Before long, both of them were covered in Mizuki's love juice. Mizuki's hands lose strength and she almost collapses on top of Yusuke. Even in that state, she did not stop moving her hips, rubbing her clit into his girth, her small body trembling as she pleasures herself. It was the act of a girl experienced with masturbation.

".....you, have you masturbated before?"

"I....Ha, ven't....."

Mizuki answers in a slender voice. (TL: ldk wtf a slender voice sounds like)

Thinking that this was good enough, Yusuke sits up.

"Ah.....?"

Mizuki, who let out her voice, was pushed down onto the blankets. With her lying on her back in missionary position, Yusuke presses his hardness against her crotch.

".....! No-....."

"Relax yourself."

Probing her entrance with his tip, he slowly forces his way inside. Her wet and swollen lips are forced to part, allowing him to enter.

"It.....hurts....."

Mizuki furrows her brows in an attempt to withstand the pain.

Once the tip forced its way through, he couldn't push any further. Mizuki had her legs pressed against Yusuke's hips stopping him from going any deeper.

".....Spread your legs."

".....It, it..... hurts..... really ....."

Mizuki was red all the way to her neck, and her forehead was sweating profusely. Yusuke halted his movement, and moved his hands up her

thighs. They were stiff with tension and pain.

Mizuki spoke with an expression as if she were pleading with him,

"A, ano, next time, I'll try harder, so, if we could....."

"That's no good."

Yusuke lifts up both of Mizuki's legs, and folds them over his upper body.

"You're the one who suggested this."

"Uu.....uuuuuu....."

Resigned, Mizuki grabs her legs and spreads them apart, assuming a position ready to accept a man.

Fondling her breast with one hand, and placing the other on her hip, Yusuke proceeds to push himself into her. Pushing through her tight virgin walls, he makes his way into her wet interior.

Mizuki tightens her grip on her thighs, enduring the pain of the intrusion.

".....mph....."

Pushing himself all the way inside her, Yusuke lets out a breath. Mizuki's hot and narrow passage was wrapped around him to the root. Their crotches were pressed up against each others, and his pubic hair was entangled in the thin grass atop her mound. (TL: not even kidding)

"Bear with it a little longer."

Slowly he moves his hips back and forth. As he pulled back, threads of mucus were strung from her lips as they began to loosen. It was a torturously slow movement, but Mizuki's face was still contorted in pain.

Yusuke focused on the nerves in his shaft. Pushing into and tasting the depths of Mizuki's virgin insides, Yusuke's pleasure increases. Forcing open the entrance of a high school girl stimulated his male part.

While thrusting in and out of her, Yusuke lays down on top of Mizuki, embracing her. He rubs his chest against her breasts and pointed nipples. The smell of the soap in her hair graced his nostrils. With her eyes closed, Mizuki turns her head to the side and lies still.

The suction he felt every time he moved in and out permeated through his body. Pulling out to the entrance and shallowly probing with his tip, the feeling of her softness pushed him to his limit.

A pleasant feeling shot from the back of his waist, up his shaft. He jerked and pierced through all the way to the back of Mizuki's entrance.

"Nnn.....!"

Mizuki contorted her body. With her inner walls convulsing as if teasing his cock, Yusuke quickly pulls back. Holding himself with one hand, he rubs his tip into her clit until the pleasure builds to the verge of bursting.

Mizuki's body trembles in shock. The pleasure finally escapes from his hips. Squeezing his shaft with his hand, he lets out a cloudy liquid while rubbing himself against her entrance. His white liquid stains the crack between her legs.

(TL: He knows that you can still get pregnant that way right?)

".....haa—, haaa....."

Having relieved himself, Yusuke takes a breath. He can hear his heart beating violently. He had gotten more excited than he thought.

"....."

After a few minutes of silence, Mizuki sits up and looks at him. With her legs no longer supported, her thighs fall and overlap with Yusuke's, transmitting a soft weight.

"It's, over right.....?"

"Yeah....."

Yusuke answers in a voice without feeling.

".....You said you would release it outside."

"Ah....."

Mizuki drops her gaze to see her groin covered in his cloudy fluid. She stares at herself with a complicated expression.

".....that's"

After biting his tongue,

"Thank you, very much."

"? For what?"

"You came outside for me.."

".....Well I did promise. But, this won't substitute for contraception. You understand right?"

"That's.... I do. Next time, will you wear a condom? If you would....."

"Ah..... it's fine."

".....Thank goodness." (TL: Yokatta)

Mizuki shifts her hips, and bending her knees, she sits in front of Yusuke. She takes a towel she had previously prepared from beside her and begins cleaning her groin.

"But, it was painful."

"That wasn't my fault you know. I went as slowly as I could."

"Well, that's true but.... I didn't think you would spread open my crotch."

"Haaa?"

"It would've been better if I were more flexible huh....."

Mizuki says this with a vague expression.

(Somehow the tension is weird, this person.....)

With Mizuki's spaced out atmosphere, Yusuke was puzzled. With the various emotions she had experienced from recent events overflowing, she is probably escaping reality.

"Wa—"

Trying to stand up, Mizuki falls over.

"Watch out."



Supported by Yusuke, Mizuki shakily stands to her feet.

"My crotch hurts....."

"Ah..... is that so...."

Feeling it would be weird to apologize, but still feeling troubled, Yusuke replied as such.

## Chapter 23: Opening Of The 2nd Floor

"Hekksho—" (TL: sneezing)

Yusuke wakes up sneezing. His naked body wound in blankets, he vaguely looks around. The room was pitch black and he couldn't see anything.

(.....ah—, I had fallen asleep like this huh..)

Last night, Mizuki had left right after. Fatigued as well, Yusuke locked the door and slept in the locker room.

Using the flashlight, he finds the light switch. While quickly getting dressed, there is a knock on the door.

".....are you awake?"

"Yeah."

"If you would like to eat breakfast, I can prepare it..."

"I'll eat."

"It'll take about 10min to prepare."

"Alright." (TL: "Aiyo" Shortened form of "Aa, ii yo")

Stepping out of the locker room, the hallway is dimly lit by the morning sun. The corridors stretching to the left and right of the elevator, were lined with glass windows; and behind them, various plants and flowers had been placed. Countless towels had been thrown over the tops of the foliage in place of a clothesline.

While yawning, Yusuke took in the scenery outside. As always, the parking lot was a field of zombies.

"Good weather na~~~"

While humming a tune, Yusuke turns towards the men's restroom. Breakfast was bleak as always. Countless Tupperware and canned foods adorned the dinner table. They were washing and reusing disposable chopsticks and the hot water in the tea cups was only warm.

When Yusuke shows his face, Mizuki displays a slightly awkward attitude, but he silently ignores it. The four face the table, everyone eating in silence.

(I want to eat rice.... Maybe I should bring a small rice cooker...)

While Yusuke was thinking as such, Mizuki lets out a small cough. Pressing her hand against her face and turning away, she continues coughing.

"A cold huh? Don't spread it."

To those words, Mizuki slightly raises her brows as if asking “who’s fault do you think this is?”.

“.....because yesterday, I did something slightly unreasonable.”

“Is that right? Don’t spread it.”

‘Mu~’ Mizuki gives a sour look.

Ignoring that, when the three finished their meals, Yusuke opens his mouth.

“Sate....to. You guys.”

(TL: “Sate-to” is something you say when you are moving onto a new task. It’s like “Alright...” or “It’s about time...”)

At those words Mizuki and her brothers stop moving. Like that, they wait patiently for his next words.

“I’ll speak while omitting troublesome things. I saved your lives. Therefore I’ll have you return the favor accordingly. Is anyone unsatisfied?”

“.....No.”

(TL: The literal would have been "Does everyone recognize this?" "...Yes.", but I felt like that was awkward.)

Mizuki answers in a small voice. After locking eyes for a moment, Mizuki's brothers nod in agreement. Yusuke continues speaking.

"Then, what do you guys do all day?"

"All day.....?"

Mizuki tilts her head.

"While I'm out looking for food, what are you guys doing back here?"

"Nothing.... in particular" (TL: "Tokuni.... nanimo")

At those words, Yusuke became silent.

With an unpleasant look on her face, Mizuki and her brother sat there with an atmosphere like they had given up. After a short interval, Yusuke once again opens his mouth.

".....is that so. Well, it's fine. Anyway, today you will be searching the rooms on this floor. I'd like to close the shutters at the loading entrance, but I haven't been able to find the key. Search for it. Other supplies and equipment as well. A floor plan, operating manuals, notes or memos for machinery, anything is fine."

"Haa.....etto, so we should look for a key and documents?" (TL: "Haa... etto" = "Ye(s)....umm")

"That's right, all three of you will."

"Understood."

He could only hope that a supermarket employee hadn't taken the key and gotten turned into a zombie. Even if they are unsuccessful at finding the key, the work provides them with something to do to keep their minds off of meaningless things.

Even the two brothers quietly nod as if an important task had been left to them.

"I have stuff to do. I'll be back by evening.... probably."

"Okay. Please be careful."

Mizuki says in a tone like she is worried about their meals disappearing.

Descending to the 2nd floor, Yusuke folds his arms in thought.

"Well then..... the problem, is how stupid they will turn out to be."

The monitor in the security guards room, which normally reflected the inside of the supermarket, was turned off. The process of operating it is

fairly complicated, so Mizuki shouldn't be able to restore it. During this time, Yusuke planned to clean the zombies off the 2nd floor.

On the 2nd floor, from the daily goods corner, to the drug store and women's clothing shop, including the 100 yen discount uniforms, how many tenants were in them?

(TL: In case anyone is confused, these are all shops, and by tenants he means zombies.)

If he could open this floor to Mizuki and her brothers, the labor of bringing back food should decrease a bit. Afterwards, it would be fine if he let them upgrade their base as they wished.

The only problem is that Mizuki would likely wonder how he managed to clear all the zombies out.

Even now she must be skeptical of how he survived the earlier encounter with the three zombies. Because of that, he's not sure if he should open the first floor as well. Yusuke planned to keep the 1st floor closed for now.

If Mizuki and her brothers could freely cook meals, there would no longer be a reason for them to follow him. But if he were to bring bigger amounts for long-term provisions, Mizuki could try to run away again. If he could open the floor, it would create a way he could profit from them without the use of food.

".....since there are only a few zombies on the 2nd floor, I might can do

something. There were so many on the first floor, it was unreasonable. Well then, let's get started."

Normally if a person were to slay a zombie using a gun, the noise would attract more zombies, and they would be done in. In her ignorance, Mizuki never thought that far. (TL: During the 3 zombie incident explanation.)

Deciding on a plan of attack, Yusuke starts moving.

Searching every corner of the 2nd floor, from the girls bathroom to the backyard lounge, he finds six zombies. An old man, a lady in her 40's, and a man that looked about 20. There was also a young woman but, she didn't have a good face and her stomach was torn open from being eaten.

"Yes, that way, that way. Move, move."

Pushing and pulling, he guides them to the 1st floor. Pushed from the back, they staggered back and fourth as they walked. Rather than crushing their heads and carrying out their corpses, making them walk out was much easier.

Once he had moved everyone out of the 2nd floor, he closes the door to the fire escape.

As this was the entrance to the staircase and the floor, he tied carts together on the staircase, effectively creating a blockade.



"Next would be the escalators huh?"

Returning to the 2nd floor, he faces the center of the room. The escalators which had once been operational, were now stopped. First, he had to walk down to the first floor and observed the situation.

A switch box was embedded in a nearby pillar. Unlocking it with the key he brought with him, he opens the switch box and sees these buttons in a line 『 ▲ 』 『 ■ 』 『 ▼ 』. He presses 『 ▼ 』 and the shutters descend.

"Yosh." (TL: "Alright." What one says to either psyche themselves up, or when they have completed a task.)

After closing the switch box, he returns to the 2nd floor. With the same process, he closes the shutters on both sides of the 2nd floor as well, completely blocking it off. Thus, the only way to travel between the 3rd and 2nd floor was the elevator.

The chances that the zombies on the first floor would be able to call the elevator and press the 2F or 3F buttons were slim. The zombies were definitely capable of movement, but nothing that complex. Even at the train station, the flap doors were broken from the zombies forcing their way through the ticket gates.

"That's about it huh..... There's still time."

Checking his watch, Yusuke confirms that it is still before noon. He goes down to the first floor and gets on his bike, heading out to get more goods.

It was 7:00p.m. and the sky had become completely dark. Yusuke was at the back door of the supermarket, unloading a minivan. He unloaded a home center he got from an electronics store, and some documents he scavenged from the library, as well as other things. Using a dolly, he loads them into the elevator.

After unloading the luggage on the 3rd floor, he is setting up a rice cooker in the hot water supply room when Mizuki shows her face. She was still coughing lightly.

"Takemura-san, what's that?"

"A rice cooker. I want to eat rice."

"Rice....."

Mizuki's face was shining with anticipation.

"Just canned food isn't enough. There are two bags of rice in the hallway, use them."

".....ah, but, without tableware, it'll be troublesome. Perhaps I should make onigiri? It'd be good if we had seaweed or salt."

"Ah—, that's right. Wait a moment. I've opened the 2nd floor, so let's get some tableware from there."

"?"

At Yusuke's words, Mizuki tilts her head with a strange expression.

When the fire door to the 3rd floor opened, Mizuki became frightened. Even while they were walking around the 2nd floor, Mizuki hid behind his back, skittishly looking around. (TL: wtf, didn't he just say the only way was to take the elevator?)

Soon, after no zombies appeared and she finally realized it was safe; Mizuki's expression became bright. Pushing a basket, she looked through the shelves as if she were having fun. Yusuke felt that reaction was somewhat anticlimactic.

He thought she would ask questions like "How did you clear out the zombies?" or "Why have you not done this until now?", but it didn't look like she was going to ask anything. All she said was "Amazing.", as the goods she had been deprived of were spread before her eyes.

(She should be doubtful of how I profit from this right? Certainly there was a chance you would miss out if you were always suspicious... maybe that's the reason she is reluctant to say anything to me? Though I may be over thinking it....)

Ahead of Yusuke, Mizuki had stuffed the cart full of supplies. This floor had clothes, daily necessities, Pharmaceutical products, and cosmetic. Surely sanitary items were a matter of life and death for Mizuki. Yusuke opening the 2nd floor was big. These were important items for a high school girl which were hard to replenish.

Casting a side glance at the misfortunate Mizuki, Yusuke turns towards the elevator.

"We are working upstairs, so just grab the necessities for now."

"Hai! Ah, that's right. Takemura-san, we found the key."

"Huh, really?"

"We went through the office desks together and gathered everything useful. We tagged everything, so I think you'll be able to understand quickly. We found lot's of documents."

"Hee~. Although I wasn't expecting anything, you did good."

At those words, Mizuki smiled slightly.

## Chapter 24: A Cold

The next morning, when Yusuke showed his face in the conference room where they usually ate, Mizuki was collapsed on the table. It appeared as if she passed out in the middle of preparing breakfast; the tableware and tea cups were already set. The canned food remained unopened.

"Oi, what happened?"

There was no reaction to his words. Grabbing her by the shoulders and lifting her head, Mizuki slightly opens her eyes and looks around as if spacing out. Her bangs are stuck to her forehead with sweat, and her face was pale.

Mizuki speaks while coughing,

"I'm..... sorry. My... head hurt so...."

".....a fever huh? That's aggravating..."

Yusuke responds while clicking his tongue. You could tell Mizuki's condition just by looking at her.

(There is no work that is really pressing at the moment, so it would be better to let her rest for today.)

“Wait a moment.”

Leaving the conference room, he walks towards the office in the back. Glancing at Mizuki’s brothers, who were asleep and wrapped in blankets, he approaches the reception area.

Moving the glass table, he connects two sofas in the center of the room. He then spreads blankets over the top of them, making a make-shift bed.

Once he is finished, he turns towards the sleeping brothers,

“YOU THERE! WAKE UP!” (He uses “Omaera okiro!”. Omaera is an unpolite way of saying “You guys”.)

“!!!”

Takeshi jolts awake while Yuu sits up, rubbing his eyes. With sleepy faces, they both look up at Yusuke. While not caring about their sleepy state, he speaks.

“You guys’ nee-chan has caught a cold. She will be sleeping on this sofa for today, so you guys nurse her back to health.”

Leaving them with those words, Yusuke returns to the conference room and hoists Mizuki on his back. Her unconscious body was heavy. He carries her to the sofa and covers her with the blankets.

(With this, it’s fine to just let her sleep right?)

Her brothers, who had just woken up, were close by and looking at her limp body with worried expressions.

".....Onee-chan, is she alright?"

"She caught a cold you know? She'll get better if she sleeps."

While answering the anxious Takashi,

(No, wait.....)

Yusuke thought of something.

Mizuki's condition is most likely due to the other night... Her body was weak from being deflowered, and she had been laying half naked in the locker room for a while. Up till now, this is why he thought she had caught a cold.

Having a fever, collapsing, if you think about it, there could be another reason. Becoming a zombie.

(.....)

In Yusuke's mind, a dreadful thought emerged.

(.....Am I a carrier?)

He had been bitten by a zombie and collapsed once. After that he had miraculously recovered but, what if the virus was still left inside him? There was the possibility that he transferred it to Mizuki through sex. (TL: Zombie virus is an STD :O)

(But was coughing a symptom of the virus.....?)

He remembers the information he acquired from online. A fever and collapsing were what all of the incidents had in common, but that didn't mean there were no exceptions.

Bleeding, swelling, numbness, various symptoms were flooding the internet. A considerable amount of information had to be rumors and misunderstandings. Whether a cough was mixed in with the symptoms or not, Yusuke couldn't remember.

(Is it just a normal cold....?)

The possibility of him being a carrier and spreading the virus was not an entertaining thought. It was as if a time bomb were ticking away inside him. Just thinking that the virus might be inside his body made him tremble.

However, Yusuke was conscious of the fact he was an irregular existence. And Mizuki had lots of contact with him. It wouldn't be strange for something to happen.

(.....If she did contract the virus, she'll be dead within 24 hours.)



This was also the largest estimated time. There had been reports of death within just a few hours.

(.....)

Staring at Mizuki's pained sleeping face, Yusuke turns and talks to her brothers beside her.

"You guys, forget what I said before. Do not enter this room today. Play somewhere else."

The air conditioning for each room on the 3rd floor was managed by on computer in the monitoring room. Using the employee memos, Yusuke operates the computer and turns the heat on for all the rooms. Once he's finished, he returns to make breakfast.

He takes the rice he had started preparing earlier from the rice cooker, and places it in a bowl. The remainder he puts in a Tupperware container. He starts to walk away with the rice in tow, but pauses.

After a moment of deliberation, he returns to the rice cooker. Scooping out a hand full of rice and washing it thoroughly; he puts it in the metal pot of the rice cooker, adds plenty of water, and sets it to porridge. I didn't take long for the water to acclimate, but it wasn't that methodical of a process. (TL: I have no idea what the author is trying to say with this sentence.)

Her brothers were sitting in their seats, worrying about their sister, but

when Yusuke sets the rice down in front of them, they start eating it single-mindedly. (TL: Their love for their sister couldn't win over their love of rice. xD)

Before long, even the portion in the Tupperware had been devoured. Watching the meal, Yusuke began thinking. He had brought a smoking device and documents on it with him when he came back with the intention of passing them to Mizuki as a test to see if she was capable of handling learning how to operate it, but she was already down with the fever.

(TL: A device to smoke food <http://blog-imgs-30.fc2.com/c/o/u/countryblog/P9090023.jpg>)

He set it up by himself and lit a fire so that her brothers could watch the flame, but they weren't interested. If Mizuki does become a zombie, it would change a lot of things.

(Should I just take it easy today?)

Yusuke silently listened to the brothers talk about what foods they would like to eat.

Carrying a tray, Yusuke enters the room Mizuki is sleeping in and approaches her.

"I'll leave some porridge here, so eat it if you're hungry."

At Yusuke's words, Mizuki stirs and opens her eyes. On a small table

nearby she sees a bowl and a glass of water.

"Sumimasen....." (TL: "Excuse me")

She breaks off coughing.

"Ano..... can i request that you..... feed my brothers.....?"

"I already did. Open up."

Mizuki opens her mouth and he places a thermometer inside. She quietly closes her mouth over the tip of it. After a while, it started to beep. It displayed a temperature of 38.4°C.

(TL: For Americans like me who were forced to learn a fucked up system of measurement, it's 101.12 degrees)

(Not too bad....)

It's definitely a fever, but it's a normal temperature for a cold. The severity of the fever caused by the zombie virus had not been specified on the internet. Yusuke couldn't make a decision with the current situation.

(For now, should I record the body temperature and symptoms? The plan to acquire a labor force will go back to square one, but it was originally only me to begin with...)

He didn't really have any uses for the two brothers. If they lost their older sister, they would become distraught and be useless as a labor force. They had been staying with each other for a little bit, and he would feel sorry for them, but that's about it.

He might open the first floor for them so they could feed themselves with the groceries for a while, but no more than that. Whether they run out of food before help arrived would be left to chance. He had no intention of staying behind and keeping them around.

Yusuke lets out a breath,

(If she ends up dying, a lot of this will have been for nothing.....)

If he was able to get together a labor force, it would help him speed up his plans.

Right now he was reading a guide on emergency evacuation during a power outage. Apparently the automatic doors would be able to be opened by hand, and there were instructions on how to open the shutters by hand. There were also locations for batteries for emergency use. However, if Mizuki were to die, then this would become pointless, long-winded dialogue. (TL: This entire paragraph was one long sentence in the web novel.)

Thinking this, the information he was reading didn't stick.

(Well, it can't be helped. I was careless.)

This was the result of him not thinking about the possibility of him carrying the virus. It wouldn't change anything worrying about it now.

(However, I have to worry about being injured.)

If Yusuke were to be injured and unable to move, he would have no one to come save him. If a doctor or other medical personnel had survived, he would want to know their location. There was definitely a possibility that someone would turn against him, but it would be easy to escape within the city.

Right now he had found a community he could control and he wanted to hang onto it.

(Right.... from the beginning I should have been moving to secure protection from other people. But the situation wasn't right for that.... The labor required to help someone is big after all.)

While thinking about other things, the characters on the page had blurred together.

The room was quiet. Only the sounds of the air conditioner, Mizuki sometimes waking to cough, and Yusuke flipping pages could be heard.

In that dull atmosphere, time quietly passes.

## Chapter 25: Dream

It was early morning.

The sun was only starting to rise when Mizuki woke up. She had seen a horribly nostalgic dream. It was a dream about when she was young, and still had her family.

She had stayed home from kindergarten with a fever, and had snuggled up next to her mother. She had been coughing and looking up at her mother as she gently stroked her forehead with a cool hand.

Her mother's face was vague, as if it had been hidden by a shadow. But even still, her mother gazing at her wrapped her in a sense of security. Clinging to that warmth, she had resisted waking up.

However, her consciousness was mercilessly dragged back to reality. The fragmented images of her dreams began to melt away as the appearance of her younger self faded from her mind. With her efforts to remain asleep in vain, and left with a sense of loss, Mizuki slowly starts to regain her sense of self.

She opens her eyes. In her eyes, an inorganic white ceiling is reflected. She was in a room on the 3rd floor of the supermarket. Mizuki stiffens, takes the blankets off of her, and sets them beside the sofa.

(.....Ah.)

The tears which had built up in her eyes, spilled out of the side. The reality of where she was had just now fully come back to her. Reeling from the gap between her current situation and her dream, Mizuki sits there for a while.

".....Haa"

Letting out a sigh, she wipes the tear trickling down her face. As she was lifting her body,

"Kushu—" (TL: Sneeze)

As she sneezes, snot drips from her nose.

"Uwaa...."

The wet towel on her forehead also came crashing down. She looks around for a tissue, but is unable to find one. Hesitating a bit, she blows her nose into the wet towel. She folds it and puts it on the table.

She notices the glass of water on the table and gulps it down. She feels the water spread through her body.

"Fuu....."

She had removed the blankets, but the heater appeared to be on as she didn't feel cold. While sneezing again, Mizuki's head starts to ache.

Beside the glass on the table was a bowl of rice porridge. Yesterday she didn't have an appetite, so she had only eaten one bite of it. Because of that, her belly was completely empty.

She could reheat the porridge on the stove in the hot water supply room. Carrying the dirty towel and bowl with her, she leaves the room.

In the sink in the hot water supply room, tableware for three people were sitting, filled with water. While she warmed up her porridge on the stove, she rinsed off the dishes in the sink. There were no grease stains, so just rinsing them with water was fine. As she finishes rinsing off the dishes, she stacks them one by one on a nearby dish towel.

After she was done, her hands had become cold from the cold water.

"Hekushu—"

Once again snot dripped out. She uses face wash to clean her face. The face-washing lotion she had brought from downstairs. She dries herself with a nearby towel and lets out a small breath.

"....."

She spaces out, recalling the fragments of her dream, trying to make them clearer.

Worried about her brothers, she snaps out of it, and goes to look for them, and finds them wrapped up in blankets asleep in the corner of the office. They probably didn't sleep in the same room as not to catch a



cold. Several big books were lying next to them. They were typical oversized full color picture books.

She flips through a couple of them and sees pictures of mountains and seasons. There were also animals and insects. The photos helped kids understand the difficult to read kanji in the text.

Yusuke most likely gave it to them to kill time. Her brothers liked these kinds of picture books. There has hardly been any entertainment in their lives lately, so they must have been overjoyed.

(.....)

Making a some what complicated expression, Mizuki gently closes the picture book.

(Takemura-san is kind towards kids huh.....)

‘Though he is cold towards me’, Mizuki takes a breath. Even after she had surrendered her body to him, his attitude did not change.

It’s not like she particularly liked Yusuke, but until now she hadn’t been treated so coldly by very many people. Yusuke’s overly impolite attitude caught her off guard.

She sets down the picture book, and returns to the hot water supply room.

Grabbing the porridge and heading to her room, she notices Yusuke asleep in a chair. Leaning on the backrest, his neck bent back as he slept. It looked as if his neck was in pain. He had wrapped himself in blankets, but with the heater on, it wasn't cold in the room.

Mizuki approaches the sofa she had been sleeping on, and folds the disheveled blankets, setting them down next to her. Sitting down on the sofa, she begins her meal. Using a spoon, she scoops the rice and blows on it before placing it in her mouth. Her stomach had been aching in hunger, so the seven minute porridge was delicious.

(.....)

Mizuki indulged herself in the feeling of the porridge slowly warming her belly.

(.....)

She thought about the porridge and the towel –which had been placed on her forehead– in front of her. The fact that Yusuke had been so accommodating for something like a cold was surprising.

Mizuki viewed Yusuke as someone who was selfish and rational. When she caught a cold, she thought he would just toss some blankets to her and that would be it. That he would display this kind of gallant behavior, Mizuki would have never imagined it.

Only, her pride was too wounded to openheartedly accept this random kindness. Mizuki and Yusuke were complete strangers. Up until recently

they hadn't even had a friendly relationship. This act of kindness, as if becoming family, it was completely out of the blue.

Spacing out, staring at Yusuke as he slept in the chair across from her, and thinking about various things; Mizuki inadvertently recalls something.

(.....Ah that's right, Takemura-san, was all alone.)

He had said that there were no survivors other than her and her brothers. Unlike her and her brothers, he had been living in this world all this time by himself. At that realization, Mizuki once again tries to correct her way of thinking.

If she had been in that kind of position, what would she have done? The sight of her brother's troubled faces have forced her to go on until now, but what if she had been alone? It wouldn't be strange if she fell into danger at anytime.

Without her parents or friends, all alone at night with those monsters that eat humans roaming the streets; she would be so afraid she couldn't bear it. Mizuki wasn't that strong. Her entire world ended that day.

When it happened, she started to find comfort in death, but the presence of her brother had kept her together. She was their guardian, but they were the ones protecting her. For her brothers sake, she had to forget about her broken self and look after them.

If they hadn't been there, if she had lost her family and had been forced

to live alone in this new cruel world...

(That.... would be lonely, and difficult.....)

Surely Yusuke's wasn't as weak as Mizuki. Even so, there must be times were he can't remain calm. If you think about it, compared to what Yusuke had given him, it was as if she hadn't returned the favor at all. He even saved her life. She never thought about how much that meant in this world which reeked of death.

Yusuke could be acting cold as a cry for help.

(He got involved with us because he was lonely.... Something like that.....?)

Somehow she felt as if she had touched a brittle part of Takemura-san.  
(TL: Laughing pretty hard right now)

Asleep in that chair, he looked as if he was overcome with resignation and fatigue.

Of course, she could just be overthinking things. If your body is weak, so is your heart. She could just be conveniently interpreting one of his whims. However, she couldn't deny that, as if she had found something human in his strong outer presence, had become interested in him.

This could be the first time she looked at him as a peer. As a fellow human struggling to survive at the end of the world.

(.....Un. I'll work harder to be less depended as well.)

Finishing her meal, Mizuki carries the tableware out of the room.

Once she washed the dishes off in the hot water supply room and returned, Yusuke was sitting up in the chair while stretching. It seemed he just woke up. Noticing her presence, he lets out a surprised voice.

"Ah?"

Yusuke stops moving and stares at her. It was a gaze as if looking at an enemy. Without understanding the meaning behind that strong gaze, Mizuki began to worry if she had done something wrong.

"Ano....?"

At Mizuki's voice, Yusuke's rigidity melts away and he sits back in the chair.

"Ah....."

He shifts his line of sight to the clock and reads the time. 6:00 A.M.

After that, as if he had lost his spirit, he speaks.

"It was just a normal cold after all....."

At those words which sounded like he had given up, Mizuki's eyes sparkled.

(Could it be he was worried about me?)

With a wry smile, Mizuki bows her head.

"I'm sorry to have made you worry."

"No, to say I was worried..... well, it's fine."

Yusuke waves his hand.

"Have you recovered?"

"I do have a little bit of a strange feeling, but overall I feel a lot better."

".....Fuun." (TL: sighing)

Thinking about Mizuki's words, Yusuke has a premonition. Remaining silent, he gets a bad feeling about her strangely warm and cozy behavior. What kind of attitude should he take in response to this overly youthful girl? He was suddenly at a loss.

".....Etto, thank you, for preparing food for my brothers yesterday."

"Ou. Be sure to wear a mask. Don't go sneezing all over the food." (TL: "Ou." is like "No problem.")

At those rough words, Mizuki only smiles wryly. Her uneasiness had already disappeared.

## Chapter 26: Mating ◆

It had already become the middle of December and the temperature was consistently low. It was always windy on the roof of the building, so even if you wore a coat, you could feel the chilling wind whipping through.

Drying the laundry on the taunt rope pulled between two pieces of machinery, Mizuki looks up at the sky. The sun shone brightly and there wasn't a cloud in sight. With that weather, the clothes should be dry by night.

This is the 4th day since Yusuke had shown his presence. He had said that he would return in about 3 days; but yesterday, when Mizuki prepared an extra meal for him, he did not show up.

Mizuki became worried that something might have happened to him along the way.

(.....He's fine right?) (TL: Daijoubu da yo ne)

All this time, the supermarket had been empty. Today as well, it had the same appearance. (TL: of being empty)

Unable to calm herself, Mizuki leaves the drying area. White smoke was faintly rising from the smoking device near the stair case heading inside the building. Approaching it, she looks at the thermometer attached, confirming that the interior is being kept at around 30°C. (TL: 86 degrees)



Cooked for a long time at a low temperature as to make the meat tender, the food inside was now suitable to eat. Opening the smoker, the food was resting on the mesh at the top, surrounded by the smoke coming off the wood at the bottom.

Currently un-marinated sausage and cheese were being cooked. After learning how to correctly adjust the temperature, she planned to attempt the smoke other things.

Yusuke had tasked her with reading manuals on the device and learning through trial and error. There were other tasks asked of her as well. Anyway, a lot had to be done. Firing herself up, Mizuki turns to head downstairs.

After she had finished everything on the list and finished the laundry as well, it was night time, and Yusuke still had not returned.

"I wonder if he'll return tomorrow..."

Walking between the display shelves, she mutters this to herself. While looking at her notepad which she had filled out with the things they will need for their work in the mountains, she places the items on the list in her basket as she locates them.

Inadvertently, she stumbles into the women's clothing section.

"....."

After a brief hesitation, Mizuki places her basket on the floor with her note inside. She slowly walked through the isles of autumn and winter clothing. She could freely take them and try them on as she pleased. Mizuki became a little excited.

"Ah, this is cute....."

She couldn't wear one everyday because of work, but Mizuki liked skirts. The 2nd floor was air conditioned, but even so, it was a little chilly when wearing a skirt. Taking some thick stockings from the leggings corner, she makes her way to a dressing room to try them on.

Watching herself in the mirror, she tries on a knee-length checkered skirt, a loose flared skirt, and a skirt with frills on it. After picking out an A line one-piece and a tunic with laces, she finds a blue blazer in a corner in the back. On a whim, she picks it up to try on.

"How nostalgic....."

With the under shirt and tie, it was just like a school uniform. For a moment, it felt like she was back in time, before the outbreak.

"....."

For a while she watched the nostalgic appearance in the mirror, but suddenly, she notices footsteps behind her. Turning around, she can see Yusuke at a distance. It appeared he came down from the elevator. He approaches her.

"Takemura-san!"

At Mizuki's voice, Yusuke slightly raises his hand.

"Ou. I'm late."

"Welcome back! Are you okay?"

"Ah..., there are no problems. I got my hands on something I wanted. It's piled in the car downstairs."

As he was talking, Mizuki noticed Yusuke's expression become cloudy.

".....Something you were interested in?"

"The zombies outside became less."

"Eh?"

"Their numbers didn't decrease. It seems the ones indoors have dove underground."

"That's...."

"Though it would be convenient to go to the mountains ... If their numbers go down a bit more, then even you guys could safely move around down there."

Even as he said this, Yusuke's expression was not bright. It was as if something was concerning him, but he wouldn't say it aloud. Yusuke speaks as if shaking off a grudge,

"Ma, with some electricity, we could stay here. There's really no need to rush. How was it over here?"

"Etto, everything you asked has been finished. I've also tried gathering everything we need to be self-sufficient in the mountains that was written on the note."

Taking the notepad out of the basket, she hands it to Yusuke. As he read the note intently, Mizuki began her story.

"A vinyl house is impossible, but digging out a rut and covering it is a possibility. If we plant crops that are resistant to the cold, then if the conditions are right, we may be able to grow certain things even in the middle of winter. Anything else, we will have to wait at least three months until winter ends to grow them, but with the mountains soil, we should be able to naturally cultivate almost anything. Chemical fertilizer, weed killer; if you don't mind the condition of the crops, I feel we don't really need them. I've been reading a lot of different books but pottery looks pretty interesting." (TL: I know her report seems all over the place, but this is what was written.)

While listening to Mizuki, Yusuke flipped through the notebook.

The time it takes to sow the crops and even the correct time to harvest them, the right characteristics of the soil, ways to analyze certain types of

weeds, how to add compost to soil along with the method of making it, all of the important material from the agriculture books he had brought had been extracted and written down with illustrations so it was easy to understand.

Easy to grow and quick to harvest produce including potatoes were picked up on. Each page of information was detailed as if someone experienced had written it. Reading through page after page, Yusuke was silent for a moment before opening his mouth.

".....Could it be, you're actually really smart?"

"Eh? Saa..... I don't really....." (TL: "Saa" is like "Idk"... In this instance anyway.)

"Like what was your grade in school?"

"Etto....."

She hesitates for a bit,

"One time, I finished a test within the top 5."

"In your class?"

"In my year....."

"....."

Yusuke became silent.

".....I, I've never been higher than the middle of my class."

"Is, is that so?"

"This feels like the notes of a smart person, seriously."

"Etto..... sumimasen" (TL: apologizing)

"? Why are you apologizing? It's so easy to understand, it's better to leave book work to you from now on."

(TL: he says work that requires thought.)

Being praised by Yusuke, a smile spreads across Mizuki's face. Even more so than when she took a top place on her test, why did she feel so happy?

Taking one more look at the notebook, Yusuke closes it and looks at Mizuki.

"Well then.... what's with that appearance?"

Eyeing her top to bottom, he looks at her clothes. Yusuke's eyes locked

onto her thinly spread pink lip gloss. Fidgeting, Mizuki awkwardly adverts her gaze.

"That's.... when I finished everything you said to do, I thought maybe a change of pace..... I'm sorry."

"No, it's fine but...."

Yusuke cut's off his words and slowly moves behind her. Mizuki uneasily chases him with her gaze, but he was already embracing her from the back.

"Let's do it while you wear that."

"Hee-?" (TL: surprised gasp)

Pulled along to the dressing room, Mizuki understands the meaning of his words and speaks in a hurry.

"Ah.....eh.....that's, I smell soap. What happened?"

"Ah, I took a shower at my house."

".....Takemura-san's house?"

"Ou."

"That's great! There isn't even a bath here."

"If you get a large plastic bag, and line a cardboard box with it, then fill it with water from the hot water supply room; it'll become a bath right?"

"Ah, is that so? That's right! Let's try making it now." (TL: souka? soudesune!)

".....you, even though you're smart, you're missing something."

(TL: I'm not sure if he is saying you are missing the joke, as in he wasn't serious, or she is lacking in brain power in some areas because she didn't think about it earlier.)

"I'm sorry....."

".....and stop trying to divert the conversation."

As he grabs her breasts over her shirt from behind her and starts to massage them, Mizuki hastily speaks up.

"Ano.... at night, if we can wait till night time! Right here is a bit....."

"You have no rights to refuse~~. Spread your legs." (TL: damn)

Having that whispered in her ear, it felt as if her hips would crumble. While trembling, she slowly spread the legs under her skirt which were



wrapped in stockings. She had been embraced by Yusuke many times, but this was the first time while wearing clothes. She hadn't yet prepared her heart either. With a furious sense of shame, her face turns a deep red.

"Take off your top, and place your hands on the mirror."

Obedying his command, she takes off her blazer and only wearing a thin shirt, places her hands against the mirror. Watching herself stick her ass out towards him, she felt like her cheeks were on fire.

His hand entered her skirt and she trembled in surprise. Peeling her tights back down her thighs, her white butt is exposed. Slowly he undoes the laces on her shorts. (TL: I'm not entirely sure wtf she is wearing under her skirt)

".....!"

As his finger comes underneath the shorts and traces her entrance, Mizuki's voice leaks. She couldn't see what was happening under her drooping skirt through the mirror. When she thinks that Yusuke is able to see it, she becomes shy and wants to run away.

He teases her opening over her panties. As his finger brushes over her sensitive parts, spreading open her folds and rubbing them, it becomes harder and harder for her to hold in her voice. Her breathing becomes rough and she loses strength in her arms. As the moisture builds up in her shorts, there is a squishing sound as he rubs the sticky material.

After a while he hooks his finger on her panties and pulls them down.

(Ah.....ah.....)

She imagined the scene of the disgusting threads of her juices being pulled between her and her panties as they came down. She hears the sound of a belt being removed behind her, and feels something hot press against her ass. At that, Mizuki returns to herself.

"A, ano..... condom..... we don't have one right now....."

"I have one, put it on for me."

"....."

Mizuki is handed a small package with a condom inside.

Pressing his body against hers, he stands her up straight. Lifting her on her toes, he spreads her legs and pushes his hardness between her legs in front of her. At the lewd appearance shown to her in the mirror, Mizuki's face becomes redder.

"Ah.... eto....."

"Open it and put it on. Give it a shot."

"Ha, hai....."

She breaks open the package and holds his shaft with her hand. Slowly, she covers Yusuke's thing between her legs with the condom. Stretching it from the tip to the root, she carefully grips his thing in her hand as it pulses.

"Yosh. You did good. Let me borrow your ass."

"Th, that kind of expression....!"

Ignoring her protest, Yusuke pushes her body down. Mizuki once again braces herself with both hands on the mirror and her ass sticking out at him. Anticipating insertion, Mizuki braced herself for the pain.

The rough hands of the man behind her grabs her waist. The impending penetration was getting closer.

The hardness pressed inside Mizuki's wetness.

There was no pain.

As she accepted him all the way to the back of her entrance, Mizuki furrowed her brows in confusion. Letting out ragged breath, she becomes perplexed by a building feeling.

(Are.... why.....?) (TL: "Are" is like "huh?")

He began thrusting full-scale. With a slapping noise, Yusuke's hips banged against her soft butt. As he rubbed her insides back and forth, an

itchy feeling began to crawl up from her hips. Expecting the pleasant feeling from before, she became frustrated.

(Today, quickly..... come.....!)

Being thrust into without restraint, her head started to get dazed. Consumed by a pink haze, her reason melts away.

As if crazed, Mizuki sucks on Yusuke's finger which he had used to tease her before. In doing so, she avoids the kiss which had been approaching. It could have been that he respected her last resistance of keeping her lips off limits. While keeping that thought in her heart, she entwines her tongue around his finger, thoroughly licking the joints. As if it were a penis, she runs her lips up and down it, rolling her tongue around it in her mouth while sucking.

With drool messily dripping out of her mouth, what was reflected to her in the mirror was the appearance of her being fucked from both sides.

(H, how obscene..... I'm obscene.....)

It was not the romantic fantasy she had once dreamed about. A fantasy where she met someone she liked, and slowly they both explored each other with care, feeling good together. There was no love. As if they were two wild animals in the back of a cave, licking each others wounds; it was that kind of mating.

(Ah....., .....ah!)

The itchy feeling became numbness, and without being able to escape, became bigger as it knocked on the back of her womb. It was a feeling she hadn't experience until now. As her thoughts are shaken, the feeling becomes better and better. As if breaking through a wall, the feeling of pleasure began to spike and Mizuki became frightened.

"I.....I'm scared....., Takemura-san, this, it's scary.....!"

At that urgent shout, Yusuke moved. With a quick movement, he pulls out of her, leaving her gaping and empty. Without giving her time to raise her voice, he pushes her to the floor of the dressing room and rolls her on her back.

With both hands, Mizuki turns and hugs Yusuke as he comes down on her from above. Without worrying about her disgraceful appearance, her crotch is spread wide as if ready to accept a male. Responding to that begging posture, he once again inserts his hardness. With that pleasant feeling gone, she was on fire, wanting it to return again.

(Ah.... his abs, they're hard.....)

With her thoughts melting away, she runs her hands up and down Yusuke's body. Her brain went numb thinking about the hard muscles underneath his clothing.

(So firm.... amazing....!)

With Yusuke hammering into her, she shakes her hips. The pleasant feeling runs through her like electricity and she can no longer think.

Loneliness, pain, worry, and pain; she forgets everything and becomes a girl wallowing in pleasure. (TL: it says pain twice)

Unexpectedly, her pleasure reaches it's peak.

"Ah.... AAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

As if anchoring her floating body, she desperately grabs onto Yusuke's back, clinging to him. With violent shivers, she presses her crotch into him, feeling his hardness pressing against her womb. Even if there was pain, it turned to pleasure as she continued to press hard into him.

At that time, Mizuki felt his hardness throb inside of her and even more strongly drove it inside herself. With her back twitching, she clenches tightly around him, pulsating.

With the inside of her body completely filled by him, she rides out her wave of pleasure until her consciousness becomes white.

## Chapter 27: Blackout ◆

Nothing in particular had happened during the rest of December, and then, a certain day came.

Yusuke was below ground, unloading cardboard boxes at the loading area. The boxes contained the smoked meat Mizuki and her brothers had processed. The meat was packed in sealed bags using the vacuum packer they he had found on the first floor. The plastic bags containing the meat were separated by newspaper they used as buffering.

The meet consisted of the pork and beef they had kept in the freezer, but they had kept raw meat in the fridge to cook on the stove on the 3rd floor. Because they had a working stove to cook meat with, they had been eating it a lot recently.

Mizuki had been trying a bunch of dishes from the cook book Yusuke had brought her, and as such, there was always a wide variety of food on the table.

"She's pretty useful huh?"

Yusuke mutters.

"Her body is also lewd. I wonder if she is getting used to it?"

Since that time, they had been going at it countless times, and not once had she acted like she didn't want it. She still blushed from time to time,

but when he starts thrusting hard, she protests, and instead pushes harder into him. Yusuke was satisfied with the now obedient Mizuki.

Yusuke raises the loading platform and secures the luggage with a rope. The gas, tools, and equipment they had prepared, he had already taken to the mountain. All that was left to take was the food and water.

The loading platform begins slowly raising with Yusuke standing on top of it. The road curves and continues underground, but because he had to keep the shutters closed, it was dimly lit. On the ceiling were exposed ducts and wiring, as well as small florescent lights, which barely lit the surroundings.

Near the loading zone was the elevator for transporting goods directly to the 1st and 2nd floors. Because he could also go directly to the 3rd floor, he never really entered the machine room or the electric room, only giving them a quick look-over. (TL: I'm not really sure what he is trying to say with this last sentence)

Walking by, he hears footsteps coming from inside and stops.

Mizuki was on the 3rd floor, so there shouldn't be anyone in there.

Withdrawing his handgun from the holster on his waist, he approaches the door without a sound.

Turning his head, he presses his ear against the door.

He hears dull footsteps backing away from the door.



Flinging the door open, he sees the back of the middle aged women.

The one with the injured right arm.

A zombie.

(TL: He has each of these sentences as separate paragraphs.)

"So that's what it was....." (TL: "ndayo." Short for "Nandayo.")

Holstering his weapon, he walks inside.

Nearby was a staircase leading to the 1st floor. It appeared that she climbed down from there.

As the zombie walked towards the back of the room, Yusuke drags and guides it up the stairs. Arriving at the top of the stairs, he forces her out the fire door, closing it behind her so that no other zombies could get in.

Zombies don't actively move to destroy things, but there was always the possibility one could inadvertently break something. He didn't want one hanging around the equipment.

Suddenly, a horrible smell entered his nose.

".....it stinks..."

There may be a corpse lying in the back. It must have been attracted here by the smell.

Just then, a voice was heard from the transceiver on his waist.

"Takemura-san, Takemura-san, can you hear me? This is the 3rd floor."

Yusuke takes the transceiver from his waist,

"I can hear you. The repeater seems to be smooth. Did something happen?" (TL: I think he means the connection is good.)

"Ano, could you come here? A girls voice came in over the radio asking for help but..... is it okay to answer them?"

"I'm on my way. Wait a bit."

It's been a while since there was contact with a survivor.

Yusuke hurried to the 3rd floor.

"Help..... help me..... anybody....."

Yusuke heard the same thing repeated over and over through the headphones attached to the radio. The voice also flowed through the external speakers. Mizuki looks at Yusuke with a worried expression, as if

asking him something. (TL: Has a rival appeared?!)

The radio on the desk was about the size of a confection box. It was connected to the antenna on the roof through a coax cable and so the range was quite large.

They had heard things come through the radio before, but it was encrypted noises and signals. This was the first time a survivor had come through.

The girl's tearful voice had been coming through for a few minutes, then cut off.

She had most likely been speaking for a few minutes, then changing the frequency before speaking again. With a quick scan, they were able to hear her again.

While listening to her, Yusuke speaks to Mizuki.

"Try answering her."

"M, me?"

"She will be more at ease hearing a girls response right? Don't tell her about this place. Ask her about her whereabouts. Can you do it?"

"Y, yes."

Mizuki takes the mic in her hand, and presses the transmission button.

After hesitating a bit, she opens her mouth.

"Ano..... hello."

As soon as she lets go of the button, the girls voice comes through.

"Help me! Where are you?!"

Mizuki was about to respond, but the reception light was still on. The other side was still sending the transmission.

When the light finally went out, Mizuki spoke.

"Calm down! Please remain calm. We can not speak at the same time over the radio. Once you are finished speaking, please release the transmission button. Where are you?"

After a short pause, the girl's voice once again comes through.

"I don't know! Help me! Where should I go? Nee!"

The sound of a switch.

".....Ano, calm down, please listen. Where are you holed-up at? Is anyone with you?"

A small interval.

".....Why are you asking me that?! Are you not going to help?! No, noo, no more..... tell me where you are...."

"Ano....."

"I want to come over.... so please tell me.... nee....."

Yusuke extends his arm and cuts off the radio, interrupting the girl's voice.

Mizuki looks at him with a puzzled expression, but he waves his hand,

"That's enough."

"B, but."

Yusuke speaks while removing the headphones,

"I heard the footsteps of someone else behind her. The pauses in her speech were also strange. Someone else was working on the radio. The girl was a decoy."

"Eh...."

"What she was saying was inconstant, and she was trying to find our whereabouts right? Everyone is thinking the same thing."

".....but.....that person, if she was acting....."

"It is possible she was being threatened into it. But, it's just as likely she wasn't. There is no merit to putting ourselves in danger to try to save her."

"....."

Mizuki was downcast.

Looking at her, Yusuke scratches his face,

"If you tell them about this place, I'm not responsible for what comes. Right now, the herd of zombies outside has thinned. Don't get any weird ideas."

"That's....."

Mizuki lifts her head and lets out a lonely laugh.

"I won't. Everything Takemura-san has said has turned out to be correct. I will follow what Takemura-san says. Please do not worry."

"Well that's fine, but...."

".....etto, I'll go get the laundry."

Mizuki stands from the desk and walks into the hallway.

At that small back, Yusuke lets out a sigh.

(What a troublesome person.....)

Yusuke faces the desk again and flips the switch on the radio. Holding the manual in one hand, he awkwardly fiddles with the spectrum scope with his other hand, ascertaining that there are no other signals.

(There are too many buttons.... this thing.)

He could figure out how to operate the recorder and timer, but as far as decryption, he couldn't figure it out.

Returning to the configuration of the radio, he takes a breather.

The calendar on the tabletop next to him enters his view.

In the box for today's date, there was an event written at the bottom.

"Th.... no, that's today huh..... It came quickly."

Yusuke threw the manual on the desk.

Taking his jacket off the coat rack at the entrance of the room, he heads towards the back entrance where he parked his bike.

That night.

After dinner in the conference room.

"Fuuu....."

When movie ended with a scene of the heroine being embraced by the main character, Mizuki took a short breath.

The ending credits had begun flowing down the large monitor in the conference room.

Cracking his neck, Yusuke frankly gives his impressions of the movie.

"Was alright."

"It was huh...." (TL: "Soudesune.")

A retired information analysis officer was fighting a terrorist, it was a movie with a lot of action.

It wasn't like nothing interesting happened, but there was nothing amazing, or anything that stood out.



"It got pretty good reviews, so I was expecting a bit but..."

"Yeah....."

Once the end credits had finished, a preview came on for another movie. As the promotional videos played one by one, the pictures were flowing and changing.

"Ah, this! We should watch this one next. I haven't seen it yet, but it looks interesting."

"Heee..... it's about animals?"

A federal investigator who could speak to animals used his power to catch criminals. It was a comedy. It was quite popular and had three movies in the series.

"Well, it'll at least be better than the one we just watched....."

They had put a portable player and a sofa in the conference room, turning it into a home theater. Around the edges of the table, various pastries, snacks, and PET bottles were stacked. The lights were turned off in the conference room, and the monitor faintly lit the surroundings.

The clock showed that it was 1:00 in the morning.

It was Christmas.

Stockpiling food and collecting hand tools had been proceeding smoothly, and so today they would relax. The first movie they watched was a Disney movie about Charles Dickens. He had read the story a long time ago. He had thought that the kids would like it and picked it out.

After the kids had gone to bed, Mizuki and Yusuke continued watching movies together. As a gag, he had put in a zombie movie, but as expected, it wasn't received well.

In the relaxed atmosphere, Yusuke grabs his coffee off of the side table and brings it to his mouth. It had become cold, and when he contorts his face,

"Ah, I'll fill it up again."

While taking the cup, Mizuki heads towards the hot water supply room.

While watching her back,

(.....Lately she's been quite honest huh) (TL: He says "sunao". It means true to your feelings, transparent, etc.)

Yusuke thinks such while spacing out.

It's like her attitude at first was a lie.

Mizuki returns shortly with a cup on a tray.

Setting down the tray, she holds the hem of her skirt while sitting next to Yusuke. She sat close to him, and he felt the sofa sinking beneath them.

"Here you go. Though it's instant..."

"Ou." (TL: "yeah")

While sipping his coffee, he stares at Mizuki. While holding it with both hands, she is warily drinking her coffee. (TL: Being careful of the heat.)

On a whim, he begun rubbing her waist with his hand. The moment his hand touched her, she looked at him, but it wasn't a look of rejection.

The look she gave him wasn't unlike the look of a lover, but Yusuke knew that wasn't the case. If you think about it, that behavior was natural, as she was trying to sell herself to him.

(.....Well, that's fine.)

He stopped his train of thought, and slips his hand under her skirt.

"Ah....."

Mizuki cut off her words, and the strength left her body. With trembling hands, she places her cup on the table and holds onto her skirt, gripping it with what little strength was left.

Having slipped his hand half way up her thigh, the feeling of cloth ended and he could feel Mizuki's soft skin. Folding up her checkered skirt, her white panties were exposed. Today she was wearing knee socks instead of tights. It would require little effort to strip her.

"So you had prepared for this~"

"It..... it wasn't like that....."

Mizuki says this with bated breaths.

Yusuke slowly presses his finger between her thighs. He knew she liked to be teased through her panties. He draws circles around her clit with his index finger while tracing behind with his middle finger.

".....uuu.....nn....."

Mizuki's breathing becomes ragged. As he continues, he feels the area around her entrance become wet through her panties.

"....."

Feeling something, he lowers his gaze to find Mizuki rubbing his bulge. Gently wrapping her hand around it, she massages it. With that itchy feeling, he becomes harder in her hand.

"Ah....."

Miyuki's voice becomes louder and she stops moving her hand. Gripping his zipper with her hand, she slowly begins to pull it down. She slips her slender fingers through the crack.

She begins stroking him through his thin underwear with her fingertips. She traces his shaft from the root to the tip with her index finger.

It was a slightly ticklish feeling. At that feeling he was unaccustomed to, blood began to gather.

"....."

Without saying anything, Mizuki drops her line of sight. Yusuke slightly slips his now wet finger inside of her panties. Parting her wet pubic hair, he draws closer and closer to her entrance.

At that teasing movement, Mizuki's breathing became even rougher. Her body became stiff as she waited for the pleasure that was to come.

As Yusuke's finger wiggled further down, it brushed past her sensitive bulge.

"Aahhh!!"

Mizuki arches her body, writhing while embracing Yusuke's arm. Gently rubbing that part, covered in her thick love juice,

"Ah.....nnnn.....! Ya.....da....." (TL: "Yada" short for "iyada" as in "no don't")

As if escaping from the pleasure, she clings tightly to him.

After teasing that spot until his hand became soaked, Yusuke spoke.

"Get on top."

".....ah.....okay....."

With a dazed expression, Mizuki nods her head and raises her wobbling body. She straddles him and begins removing his belt.

After taking out his stiff thing, she removes a condom from the pocket of her skirt and covers him.

Yusuke slides down the backrest, pressing his hips forward and making it easier to penetrate her. It was a posture where he was looking up at Mizuki.

Mizuki spoke in a voice as if she were in heat,

"I'm putting..... it in, ne....."

Holding his member with her left hand, she presses it against her wet mound and slowly lowers her hips.

"Ah.....aa....."

With his shaft disappearing under her skirt, he felt himself wrapped up in a soft, wet warmth. The contracting walls were tightening around him, stimulating his hardness.

Mizuki pressed the bulges in her white blouse against his face. While hugging his head with both arms, she moves her waist.

".....Ah! .....Nnn!"

As she moves up and down on top of him, she lets out her voice.

He grabs her waist with both hands, and thrusts, matching her rhythm.

Occasionally as her waist bounces up and down, Mizuki lets out a loud voice. With a slapping sound, her soft ass hits against his waist. A pressure begins to build and accumulate at the tip of his shaft.

While watching Mizuki's lewd movements,

"Looks like you've become perverted as well..."

"Who's, fault....., do you, think it is....."

Slightly raising her body, Mizuki glares at him.

Looking at her face, Yusuke moves his hips forward and back.

While her insides are gouged and stimulated,

"Don't.....!"

Mizuki squats down further while clinging to him. Feeling her hot breath against his neck, he moves to further gouge the walls of her pussy.

"How's this?"

".....I don't..... know....."

Her voice is interrupted by the sighs she lets out from the pleasure.

Mizuki's breasts are swaying under her blouse right in front of his eyes. Placing his hand on a button on her blouse, Mizuki looks at him with wet eyes.

One by one, he undoes three buttons on her blouse from the top down. Her thin white bra was so moist with sweat, that her bare breasts beneath were exposed.

Lifting his hands, he plays with her soft breasts. The light pink buds had already become hard and were poking out.



While scooping the soft flesh in his hands,

"It's lewder while you are wearing something after all."

"Is.... that so....?"

With her cheeks dying red from having her breasts rubbed, Mizuki speaks.

"It's romantic, romantic." (TL: "Romandayo, roman")

"Now that you mention it..... you are harder when I wear clothes resembling a school uniform...."

".....I'm not really a lolicon."

".....no, though that's okay...."

Mizuki giggles.

Stay silent, Yusuke covers the pink tip of her breast with his mouth. Sucking it into his mouth, he flicks it with the tip of his tongue while pinching it with his lips.

"!! Uaahh! That.....!"

Curling her body, she embraces his head.

Moving his hips, he presses all the way to the back of her, raising her up. While having her breast sucked, Mizuki moves her hips against him, rubbing her clit against his waist.

At Mizuki's movement, Yusuke parts his lips,

"You seem to be having fun huh. You haven't forgotten your position have you?"

"But that's.....! Lately..... you've been treating me gently..... that's why....."

Mizuki tightened her embrace of him.

"Ah.....ahh!"

As if overcome with emotion, Mizuki's body trembles. As her soft breasts and ass shack, she presses into Yusuke. Being embraced wholeheartedly by a girl, and surrounded by her wetness, Yusuke feels a pleasant feeling grow.

Pressing against her womb, Yusuke approaches his limit. Sucking and licking her breasts, he can no longer hold on.

".....!"

Pressing against the back of her insides, Yusuke blows his load while

wrapped in Mizuki's warmth.

At that rhythm,

"Ah....."

While embracing him, Mizuki lets out a satisfied sigh.

At his ejaculation, they both simultaneously relax their bodies.

Feeling the soft weight of the relaxed Mizuki, Yusuke lets out a breath.

Late at night, a chill in the air woke him up.

It was plenty warm under the blankets with Mizuki, but a bit of cold air had entered from a gap in the covers.

The heater had stopped.

Realizing this, he pulled the covers off of himself and began quickly dressing himself with the scattered clothes on the floor.

"Takemura-san?"

Also waking up, Mizuki sits up with a dazed expression as the covers slide off her naked body.

"The heater stopped. I'm going to check it out."

At those words, Mizuki opens her eyes wide.

The long anticipated thing had finally come. (TL: running out of power.)

From the rooftop, the city was shrouded in darkness as far as the eye could see.

While holding the fence in the strong wind, the two watched the city.

It was a large scale power outage.

The supermarket's emergency power had come on and emergency equipment as well as the elevator was still operational, but it wouldn't be for long.

With fuel, they could prolong the time the emergency power would stay on, but it would be the wrong choice long term. With their ability, they couldn't provide electricity through any other means.

As to not get stuck in the elevator, it would have to be for emergency use only.

The pump on the water tank located on the rooftop had also stopped working, so they would no longer have running water.

However, their eyes were glued to one particular corner of the town.

A few kilometers away, a part of the city was still lit up. If you looked closely, you could see smoke rising from the light.

They couldn't see the origin because of the buildings, but it had to be a fire. It was in the middle of the route to the mountains.

While looking at that scene, Yusuke speaks.

"You guys, be prepared to leave at any time."

At those words, Mizuki looked up at him.

"What about Takemura-san.....?"

"I'll go check it out..... if it is dangerous, we will escape quickly. Wake up your brothers."

Lately the zombies had been quiet, as if the entire city was dead, but now they were on the move. It was the foreshadowing of a fight.

## Chapter 28: Skull Man

The site of the fire was located on a university campus.

Stopping across the street from the campus, Yusuke stops his bike, lifts his visor, and looks at the campus questioningly.

The surroundings were lit by moonlight, but were still dim.

Facing the front gate, there stood a five story building, shrouded in darkness. Across the avenue, there is an enormous tree engulfed in flames. The flames had stripped the leaves off of it, leaving it nothing but burning branches, illuminating the darkened ground beneath it.

(.....Was the fire accidental? It would be great if there was no trouble, but.....)

When heading to the mountains, cutting through here would be the quickest route. For that reason, Yusuke wanted to confirm the area was safe.

It would take a considerable detour to avoid this area. It would be fine if it was just him, but he had Mizuki and her brothers with him as well. Because of that, he wanted to avoid a long journey.

In the vicinity, Yusuke could see zombies here and there. They were drawn to the university, but the main gate was closed, blocking their

entrance.

Suddenly, the sound of an engine resounded from the back of the campus.

(...What's that?)

Gripping the handles of his bike so that he could escape at a moment's notice, he looked toward the direction of the sound.

What had appeared was a silver mini-van. With something riding on the top of it, it charges at the main gate. Noticing the closed gate, the mini-van tries to come to a stop, but it didn't make it in time. With the high pitched screech of the tires against the ground, the mini-van plunges into the stone pillar at the side of the gate. The front of the van took heavy damage as the sound of the metal frame ripping open resounded through the darkness of the night.

The thing riding on top of the mini-van was thrown over the gate, and rolled to a stop on the road. Stretching it's limbs, the thing gets it's feet under itself and stands up.

The thing that had been riding on top of the van was a man in a black coat.

Ignoring Yusuke who had braced himself to escape, the man turns and sprints towards the van. Jumping over the gate with nimble movements, he comes up to the window of the van and bashes it with a rod he removed from his waist. The window shatters in an explosion of glass,

and a woman inside lets out a high-pitched scream. The man thrusts his arm into the window, and drags out the screaming woman.

With a savage hostility radiating off his entire body, the man slams the crying woman into the iron bars of the main gate countless times. The zombies gathered on the other side became excited by the spurts of blood flying through the bars, and reached their hands through.

After a while, the woman became quiet, and the man releases his grip on her. Her body collapses on the ground.

The man then takes a hatchet out of a sheath on his waist, and swings it down on the woman's neck. Her head separates, and rolls on the floor. Picking up the severed head by the hair, the man lifts it in front of his face as if admiring the expression of agony left on it. The blood spurting from the severed neck began pooling on the floor.

After a while, as if the man was now satisfied, he tosses the head aside and begins opening the main gate.

The gathered zombies rushed through the gate and flocked to the woman's corpse.

Observing that scene, Yusuke's finally reacted.

"Oioioi....."

Unintentionally, his voice leaked.



".....Is it a..... zombie?"

His movements were too good to be a zombie.

However, it didn't appear as if the zombies around him were going to attack him. He is standing leisurely, turning to leave.

Staring at his back, Yusuke becomes troubled for a moment.

He wants to know everything about him.

But he doesn't know how much risk was involved.

However, Yusuke quickly prepares himself, and makes a decision. Even if he was attacked, he could get away on his bike. If he let's him leave without learning anything about him, it would be dangerous.

Yusuke revs his bike, letting the engine roar.

The man in the black coat turns around at that noise. The surrounding zombies don't react, and continue their meal.

The man's entire body seemed to be covered in scars and various wounds. The black coat had several rips and tears.

However, what drew his attention more than anything, was the man's

face. His nose had been broken off and you could see the nasal cavity bone. (TL: Not sure what to call it.) His cheeks were gouged out, exposing his bare gums beneath. His eyes were sunken deep into their sockets, creating a ghostly appearance. The only parts undamaged, were his eyes themselves, his forehead, and his short black hair.

They stood there staring at each other as if glaring.

There was intelligence in the eyes that were staring at Yusuke.

In spite of that, no life could be felt from him.

(So it's a zombie after all...)

Besides spirit, there was no hostility or anything that could be felt from the man.

Inadvertently, looking at the black coated man, he sees clothing near the cuff of the coat and is reminded of something. It was a familiar navy blue uniform.

Hanging on his waist next to the sheathed hatchet was a baton. (TL: nightstick)

(A cop....?)

A zombie's power was relative to the body while it was living. If a child were to become a zombie, they wouldn't exhibit super human strength,

but if a large male were to be turned, he would be a threat.

Unexpectedly, the man turned and ran away.

(Shit-) (TL: Yabe)

Yusuke put his bike in gear.

That man was obviously not a normal zombie.

Fortunately, it didn't look like it would attack him. What he had to do now was capture it. He needed to know more about the irregular zombie.

Besides, that skull man was dangerous. If that kind of zombie was around, troublesome things were sure to follow. If Mizuki and her brothers were attacked by it, there's no way he could protect them.

Tracking him down, he would look for a chance to trap him.

Deciding on that plan, Yusuke twists the grip on his bike, and follows after the zombie.

There was almost no one on the campus. The smoke rising from the fire site near the main gate had blackened the surroundings. There were no lights on in any of the buildings, shrouding them in darkness.

With Yusuke trailing behind, skull man runs up onto the sidewalk, and

disappears inside of a research building. Yusuke left his bike and followed him inside, but arriving in the first floor control room, there was no sign of him anywhere.

Readying his handgun, Yusuke quiets his footsteps while climbing the stairs.

Inside the building was dark. The only source of light was from the moon shining through the windows. He had a flashlight, but he didn't want to give off his location until he had to.

(This is kind of bad huh.....)

It was bad that he lost skull man, but that wasn't all that bothered him.

It would be fine if it's a zombie, but he wanted to avoid encountering other survivors in close quarters at all costs. The person he meets could end up being unfriendly.

There was no sign of skull man in the labs on the 2nd floor, and just as he was thinking he should head back, he hears a sound.

Silencing his breathing, he explores in the direction of the noise.

It was coming from a room close by. He silently approaches the door to the room and presses his ear against it. Something was moving around inside.

Readying his handgun and hesitating briefly, Yusuke calls out in a small voice.

"Is anyone there?"

There was no reaction to his voice.

The noise continues inside, unaffected.

(Is there no one inside....?)

Yusuke breathed deeply to calm himself.

Blood had gone to his head a little. (TL: Not sure what expression to use, so I did the literal.)

His adrenaline was going and his heart was pumping wildly. He turned the doorknob slowly, and pushed the door open with his foot. Immediately pressing against the wall, he waited for movement inside the room.

The sound kept coming, unaffected.

Keeping his pistol out in front of him ready to fire, he slowly leans his upper body into the doorway, peeking into the room.

In the darkness at the back of the room, something about waist height

was moving. Holding the pistol with his right hand, he reaches his left hand into his and pulls out a flashlight. Only shining the light on it for an instant, he understood what it was.

It was a female zombie without limbs.

With her neck strapped to a pipe on the wall, she was moving her stumps like a crocodile. (TL: wtf)

Her mouth was filled with a thick rope she had bitten into.

Yusuke entered the room, closing the door behind him.

Turning on the flashlight again, he observes the woman.

She was a burnette woman with her hair died red in a bobcut. She looked like a college student. Her mid section between her cut off limbs was covered in a thin film. (TL: I'm pretty sure it's semen.)

With a spaced out look in her eyes, she looked up at him.

Her naked body had dried dirt caked on here and there. With the nasty smell drifting off of her, it was evident that she had been used.

Her voluptuous white breasts standing atop her chest, had several long nails driven into them. Her thighs were littered with numerous cuts. She was probably played around with as a toy for fun.

"How barbaric...."

He unintentionally let out his voice.

Yusuke also treated zombies like things, but as expected, this kind of treatment made him raise his eyebrows. He had no interest in hurting things which resembled humans.

"This is the end of the world huh.... seriously...."

He pulled out a knife and cut the rope sealing the zombie's mouth. The zombie looked up at him with a blank look in its eyes. Her mouth looked strange, and upon closer inspection, he could see that all of her teeth had been pulled out.

(.....I'm not one to lecture others, but as expected, this is.....)

Thinking this, he cuts the rope around her neck.

Suddenly, he heard the door behind him open.

Following that was the sound of something clicking into place.

Feeling a great chill down his back, Yusuke immediately rolled on the floor.

The next moment, the sound of air escaping and a metallic bang rang

throughout the room. (TL: The author uses *Pashu* so it is either a silenced weapon, or not even a gun. Crossbow?)

Scrambling to his feet, Yusuke escapes through an open door. While he is doing this, he catches a glimpse of a figure standing at the entrance. With a big build and a wide stance, the person was facing him. It seemed he had some sort of shooting device.

The place he fled appeared to be the documentation room. There were cabinets and steel desks, but there was no exit.

(Shit.)

Kneeling behind a desk in a shooting position, he calls out to the next room.

“Oi! I’m human! You’ve made a mistake!”

The response was more shots fired. The door sways as it is hit by long nails, making dents and hitting the floor.

It appears to be a nail gun. The safety device had been removed and it was gas powered.

(It can’t be helped, I guess I’ll startle him a bit.)

Yusuke pulls back the hammer on the revolver and points it toward the door.



His intention is to get the man to expose himself, not to kill him. There was a lot of risk and he didn't want a battle here. It was better to intimidate him, and use that chance to escape.

Listening to the casually approaching footsteps of his opponent, Yusuke times his shot.

Just as he was about to pull the trigger, he hears the man screaming in despair.

He can hear the sound of something being kneaded, along with the repeated shots of the nail gun. The nails hit the walls of the room and ricocheted everywhere.

Getting up and peeking through the door, at the bottom of the dark figure was the female zombie from earlier. She seems to have freed herself from the rope around her mouth that he had started to cut before the man appeared. With a low growling sound, she was wriggling her limbless body while biting into the man's legs.

She had no teeth so there were no mortal wounds, but the man seemed to have panicked after being attacked by a zombie. Waving his nail gun around, he shoots nails all over the place.

(Abune-) (TL: Dangerous, or look out. He says it to himself.)

Yusuke ducks his head as a nail ricochets nearby.

The sounds of scuffling went on for a while, but then quieted down. In panicked footsteps, the man leaves the room.

(TL: For those who are confused, I think he had moved from the desk to the door way, then after peaking, he stayed on his side of the door while listening to the fight.)

Cautiously peeking into the room, he sees the female zombie lying in the floor with countless nails sticking out of her.

Her eyes, which were faced toward the ceiling, had lost all light. Her forehead had been punctured by several long nails.

Slowly, Yusuke steps inside the room.

There was no sign of the man close by. It seemed he fled.

Only the tragic corpse of the limbless zombie was left.

"....."

Offering a prayer with one hand in silence while keeping a look out on the corridor, Yusuke leaves the room. As expected, he didn't feel the need to search anymore.

As he reached the stairs, down another corridor, he heard the cries of the man from earlier resounding.

Looking down it, at the end of the corridor, the man from earlier was backpedaling while rapidly firing his nail gun.

Ahead of him was a figure that looked like a raptor ready to pounce on it's prey.

It was skull man. After a moment, the nail gun stopped firing, and the man was hit in the face. With a loud crack, he flew into the air, into the wall of the corridor.

Keeled over and groaning, the man is grabbed by the neck. Like that, he is dragged to the back of the corridor.

It all happened in the blink of an eye.

Yusuke hesitated, wondering what he should do.

".....Fuck."

Raising his handgun in front of him again, Yusuke chases after the back of skull man.

Even though he was dragging that violent person in tow, skull man's pace was fast. While following them with some effort, Yusuke goes through a corridor and arrives at another building.

Looking around, the skull man is no where to be found.

Suddenly he sees a light.

It is leaking from the center of nearby double doors. As if invited by the light, Yusuke steps inside.

Inside was a wide open area.

It was a concert hall with an open 2nd floor.

Right now he was at the 2nd floor entrance, and below him was a stage with a staircase connected to it on both sides. As if surrounding the entire hall, there were aisles going down both sides. Along the railing of the 2nd floor balcony, lighting equipment had been placed. Along the aisles were a number of doors.

The hall was not lit up by the lights, but from the smoldering pile of charred wood and burnt chairs near the stage. It would appear that this was the site of the fire.

Standing there, he could smell a putrid burn smell come up from below.

With that smell filling his nose, he fought to hold back his vomit.

"What is this place..."

He mutters this while covering his mouth with his hand.

If he looked closely, he could see that human bones had been scattered around. Unknown meat was hanging from seats here and there, with dried blood scattered everywhere. It was like a scene at a slaughterhouse.

Abruptly and without notice, two figures rose from their seats on the first floor.

They were girls.

With half eaten bodies and disheveled clothing, it was obvious the two were zombies. In the thin darkness, faintly illuminated by the glare of a flames by the stage, they gave off a mysterious appearance.

While standing, the two zombies stared up at him.

They had the same inorganic look as skull man.

Yusuke took a step back without thinking.

They weren't attacking, but there was pressure in the stares the zombies directed at him. Normal zombies don't even recognize Yusuke's presence.

"What is this....."

It wasn't just skull man.

There were multiple irregular zombies here.

At that time, from the aisle to his right, a man's screams rose. Looking in that direction, he sees something strange.

A diving board-like structure extends from on of the aisle out a few meters over the hall below.

In a doorway near the aisle, skull man appears. He is dragging the nail gun guy from earlier behind him. The man which was illuminated by the flames was young and around the age of a college student. With a sobbing voice, he screams.

"No! Hiiii..... don't!!! Stop..... forgive me....."

Without paying attention to the struggling man, skull man climbs the platform, and drives the man down the plank. Unable to keep his balance, the man stumbles and it appeared as if he would fall.

Barely catching the board as he falls, he hangs from the board with both hands in mid air.

"Hiiii..... Hiiii.....!" (TL: high pitched screams.)

The man looks up at skull man looming over him as he gasps for breath.

As if looking down on him, skull man watches the man from above.

Skull man slowly opens his mouth, stretching his bare cheeks, and revealing a heinous smile.

In the next moment, Skull man brings down his hatchet towards the mans hands.

With blood splattering into the air, the mans fingers were cut off, and he screams as he falls into the hole.

Yusuke unintentionally raises his voice.

“That guy!” (TL: Aitsu)

After confirming that the man had dropped down the hole, Skull man loses interest and disappears back through the double doors.

Re-gripping his handgun, Yusuke follows him.

Going through the doors, he finds himself in a pitch black room.

Taking the flashlight out of his pocket with his left hand, he turns it on. It looked like it was the control room for the concert hall as there was various equipment lined up along the walls.

There was no sign of Skull man.

Carefully, Yusuke shines the light around the room. There were things everywhere. Cords rose up from behind the equipment in complicated patterns.

Confirming that there were no hiding spots in the room, he discovers a door in the back.

It was open with moonlight shining through it, leading outside. It appeared he had left the building.

Peeking through the door, he looked left and right down the hallway, but was unable to see Skull man.

".....Shit."

Sighing, Yusuke lowers his gun.

(I shouldn't follow any further than this.)

Leaving the room, he returns to the concert hall.

Below the aisle, the female zombies were eating the man from earlier.

The man was foaming and spurting blood from his mouth while convulsing. It wouldn't be long now. It couldn't be helped that Yusuke didn't watch any further.



Tearing his line of sight away from the man, Yusuke looks at the surroundings.

The board that the man had been pushed off was connected to a platform with a staircase that had been built in the aisle, looking increasingly like a diving board. All around it were pools of dried blood.

(.....no, is it really a diving board.....?)

One word came to mind.

(Execution platform....)

It was something built by humans.

(.....)

Yusuke returns to the control room. On top of a desk, he found strange items that he hadn't noticed when he previously inspected the room.

It was a compact video camera and a bundle of mini tapes. Shining the light on the tapes, he sees that dates are written on them as well as names. If the man's name was there, then so were the girl's.

He felt a strange sense of uneasiness.

" ..... "

He stared at the tapes for a while, but finally grabbed one and put it in the camera. He turns on the power and the screen on the side opens up. It still had some battery.

Just in case, he blockaded the entrance to the room with machinery. After making sure there would be no hindrances, Yusuke presses the playback button.

It was the scene of a human executing a human. Bound and crying, a young man is hauled to the execution platform. The camera was diligently taping his appearance. Off screen, stupid laughter is heard along with people screaming for the person to jump.

As the young man desperately tries to resist, he is prodded by a handmade spear, made by attaching a knife to a long rod. Stabbed with the spear, the man becomes bloodied and soon loses his footing on the board, falling down into the hall.

Cheers arose from the surroundings.

The camera turns and changes locations before fixing itself again. It showed the view from the handrail at the top of the hall, looking down.

The young man was crawling along the floor, dragging his body as he flees to a corner. Chasing after him are two zombies. One of the zombies climbed over a seat and began eating the man. The camera zoomed in while shaking, capturing the figure of the predator. As the person holding the camera made elated sounds for excitement from the seen they were capturing, Yusuke began to feel sick.

The two zombies below had flocked to the man that was pushed down. With his screams coming to a stop, the man stopped moving.

"....."

Yusuke stopped the video.

".....Fuu."

Letting out a breath and leaning back in his chair, he looks at the dark ceiling.

(.....)

(A lynching? Entertainment?)

It could have been that they were trying to overcome their fear of the zombies by keeping them like cattle. Like keeping a tiger or lion in a cage.

There were still more tapes.

Opening the video camera, he puts in the tape with the latest date. Fast forwarding it, he skims through the tape.

The content was similar.

The man from the first tape had become a zombie. Every victim that was pushed down, had added one more zombie to the hall below.

He interchanged the tapes while looking through them. When the 3rd tape showed a certain man, Yusuke paused it.

It was only a small hunch, but he thought the man wearing the coat in the video was that cop. His face was swollen and it looked like it had been beaten. Both of his hands were tied behind his back. His pants had a large tear in them around his thighs, and the leg beneath was bloodied.

He fast forwarded through the tape, so he couldn't understand the conversation. However, he could see the cop's uncompromising attitude through his actions. Up until the last moments it seemed he was trying to persuade them, but he was stabbed deep in the stomach with a spear and fell down to the hall below.

"....."

Yusuke silently changed the tape.

After the zombies below had reached 10, their numbers stopped increasing. Before the person could turn into a zombie, they were completely eaten.

The cop was among those that flock to the victims when they fall. His face had been gouged out when he was turned into a zombie.

He had the same appearance as Skull man.

"This is bad...."

Yusuke mutters to himself.

As he went through the tapes, he noticed the zombie's behavior slowly change. They started out like wild beasts, but every time they ate a human, their movements became slightly more human-like.

Even Skull man's movements had been the same as a normal zombie in the beginning.

However, in the 2nd half of the tapes, he had a look of hatred in his eyes. As if looking for an opportunity to attack.

A shiver similar to fear ran up Yusuke's spine.

(While filming this.... those guys, why did they not notice this strange behavior?)

Right now, in his mind, Yusuke doubted that they were even zombies.

The zombies which acted like commuters at the station next to his home, and the zombies at the supermarket whom prowled around as if shopping.

Here and there in the city there were zombies moving as if repeating the lives they had.

As the masses of zombies wandered around aimlessly, Yusuke had always wondered why a few of them had these patterns.

Within his mind, one hypothesis emerged.

(Once the zombie feeds on a human, only then do they gain knowledge.....) (TL: Holy shit, Tokiko was feasting on his sperm, that is why her behavior changed. We may see her again yet.)

If he thinks about the small amount of zombies following a pattern, it would seem that only a small amount of them change. For instance, even if they were to eat a bunch of humans, at best they would be able to remember some parts of life as a living being.

However, in regards to regaining knowledge if you eat humans.....

He remembers Skull man's figure.

How he took the man to the execution platform and pushed him off, and that heinous smile.

It was a pure hatred for humans.

Looking at the video, there were 10 zombies at the bottom of the concert hall. They had nearly been released.

The fed zombies had regained intelligence like Skull man, and were

now dangerous.

".....Shit!!"

Yusuke slams the video camera into the floor.

(Shit shit shit shit, for those pieces of trash to do something unnecessary like this! Once the zombies become a threat, then what did they intend to do! Fucking idiots!)

Breathing roughly, Yusuke stands up.

"....."

He thinks carefully.

(.....We have to detour around this area, it's too dangerous.)

Deciding this, there was no longer a reason to follow Skull man. He should check to make sure the detour route is safe, but he decides to return to the supermarket first.

It is also dangerous to stay in the city. If the zombies in the city regain their intelligence, then grouping up with a lot of humans would be even more dangerous. It would be safest in the mountains.

Deciding on a plan, Yusuke removes the blockade and exits the room.

Walking out of the entrance to the concert hall and continuing down the corridor, Yusuke stops.

A few meters ahead of him was a young girl dressed in rags.

In her right hand was a severed head, with its hair entangled in her hand.

It was the head of a man, his face contorted in a painful expression.

In her other hand was a spear, wet with blood.

"....."

Yusuke and the young girl stared at each other.

She looked like she was in high school. Looking at her, she had a crying mole under her right eye. She was pretty, but she had a big bite marks all down her collarbone.

(TL: I looked up crying mole or "Nakibukuro", it's just a mole under their eye, which supposedly is there due to them crying)

She was a zombie.

The young girl spaces out, looking at him with a blank expression.



She had long black hair and her feet were bare. (TL: Sadako?!)

Naked except for the rags on her body, she had the appearance of a savage young tribe girl.



Suddenly the girl looked out of the window. Following her gaze, he also looked out of the window and saw a mass of things folding over each other.

With it faded into the darkness, Yusuke couldn't make out what it was. Focusing his vision, he tried to make it out in the moonlight.

After a while, he sees them,

(.....Humans.....?)

Yusuke swallows a breath.

It was a mountain of corpses.

Hearing footsteps in the corridor, Yusuke returns his line of sight. The young girl had turned around and was leaving. The severed head in her hand swayed as she walked.

At that time, off in the distance, he could hear the screams of a girl.

Yusuke realized it.

This campus was their hunting grounds.

Watching the receding back of the young girl, Yusuke stood still.

When her back finally disappeared in the darkness, Yusuke let out a big breath.

".....Haa.....damn."

He stops thinking and heads towards the stairs.

There was nothing he could do here.

As if dispelling the cold feeling within him, he quickened his footsteps.

(TL: Wouldn't it be interesting if there was a time lapse between when Yusuke was attacked by a zombie, and when he came back out of his apartment? And he was a zombie and eating people the whole time, enough to regain all of his intellect and memories, thus thinking that he isn't zombie, but he really is. Though I'm sure there are some things that already disprove this theory, it would be a cool Fight Club-esque plot twist. xD)

## Chapter 29: An Oversight

By the time he returned to the super market, it was dawn. It was still dark, but there were traces of the sun light rising up over the horizon.

After making sure there were no zombies around, Yusuke opens the shutters to the loading entrance. Once he was inside, he operated the switch box, closing the shutters again.

With no lights in the place, the ground sloped towards the back, shrouded in darkness. There were emergency lights here and there along the way, but they were only bright enough to illuminate their immediate surroundings. Yusuke turns on his flashlight, and proceeds underground.

He planned to prepare the car, then call Mizuki and her brothers and immediately set off. Approaching the loading zone with his flashlight, Yusuke unlocks the truck parked there with the remote on his key chain. He climbs in the drivers seat, and turning on the headlights, the concrete floor in front of him is lit up. Confirming there is enough fuel remaining in the truck, Yusuke leaves the lights on, and exits the vehicle.

At that moment he stopped. He had started to notice it earlier, but a strange smell was drifting from further down.

(.....What is it? This smell.....)

The smell was caught in his nose. It smelled like waste.

(Was there a sewage problem.....?)

Following the smell with the help of the headlights, he comes across a slightly opened door. It was the door he had closed when he took the wandering zombie back upstairs. It was a door leading inside.

"....."

Yusuke pulls out his handgun while remaining silent.

It didn't feel like there was anyone nearby.

Stepping inside the door, he checks the surroundings. There was a passageway in the front of the room, which extended to the right. The fire door next to the staircase leading to the front floor was barricaded.

(Was it a zombie.....? There's no way Mizuki would come here.....)

It could have been a zombie that was left inside the room leaving. If that was the case, there was something he had to do before calling down the three from upstairs.

However, he wanted to know the source of the odor. Since he entered the room, the smell had gotten stronger. It appeared as if it was coming from a passageway nearby.

Yusuke wondered what it might be, while drawing closer, looking for

the source. The passage he was walking through shouldn't be connected to the boiler room or the electrical room. (TL: Idk of a better term for electrical room.)

Relying on the dim emergency lights on his left, he heads down the corridor. He passed by several rooms, but they were all shut and locked.

At the very end of the corridor, he finds a set of double doors left slightly open. The smell was coming from inside.

(This place.... was left open?)

With questions raised in his mind, he opens the doors to find a room full of trash.

Sticking down from the ceiling were trash shutes which were connected to the first floor. Beneath them were giant piles of trash. The numerous cargo bins were overflowing. The trash was deteriorating into compost with countless bugs and bacteria growing from it, the smell of the fermenting waste filled the room.

Remembering something he read on the 3rd floor of the supermarket, Yusuke takes in the sight using the flashlight in his hand. The hardly visible concrete floor was stained by the aging trash. A bottle of detergent was lying on a rack nearby.

(It was the smell of trash? No, something inside the trash.....)

There was definitely the smell of rotten garbage coming from the pile,

but he could still smell the distinct scent of sewage.

While keeping the floor in front of him lit up, he continues towards the back of the room.

Within his light appeared a compost bin. With an outline of one meter high and two meters wide, it was made of stainless steel. Thinking nothing of it, he flashes his light next to it and comes to a stop.

Lying up against the side of the bin was a dirty blanket. There were pieces of cardboard holding the blanket up like walls. It was a homeless hut. (TL: If you can think of a better term...)

Hurrying over to it, Yusuke removes the blanket. Even though it was cold, he could feel residual heat coming from the manure. The compost had begun to give off heat while fermenting.

Bursting with frustration, he shines the light all around the room.

Scattered next to the hut were vegetable scraps. It might have just been trash, but they were over eaten, only the skin and the sprouts remained. If you looked closely, you could see other signs of scavenging through the heaps of garbage. Debris had rolled to the floor and rotten juice was splattered here and there.

Turning his head, he could see a faucet with a rubber hose attached to it for a wash station. Along the wall, a drainage ditch had been dug to catch the water, draining it into a container in one corner of the room. The stench was coming from there. Walking over to it, he removes the

square lid and is assaulted by a foul odor. The inside of the container was packed with feces.

It was evidence of human life.

(.....)

Yusuke turns off his flashlight and perks his ears.

There were no signs of anyone nearby.

If this was an ambush, he would already have been attacked. In the darkness, Yusuke's light should have stood out like a beacon.

In that dark room, his thoughts spun.

(It's not an intruder..... it's someone who has been here from the beginning. Was it an employee who was late escaping?)

Zombies were prowling around outside, so it should be impossible for an intruder to get in. That meant that he had been living here since before Yusuke had ever come.

(No..... if it was an employee, they would have gone to the 3rd floor. They would have tried to make contact. Normally, they wouldn't think to live in a place like this.....)



He suddenly remembers Mizuki's words.

When the zombie's attacked, people all around the supermarket sought shelter inside. With food becoming scarce, and frustration building, the people who went to check outside had increased. And nobody had returned.

(Nobody had returned.....)

He hadn't confirmed that all of them had died.

Hearing about their faces, he could have searched for them using the security cameras in the monitor room. The first and 2nd floor were riddled with zombies, so he should have known it would be impossible for anyone to escape through there. If they had, they would have become a zombie.

That only left underground.....

When he had first come to the supermarket, there were no zombies below ground. A person in the monitor room, looking at the underground cameras, would realize it was the best place to escape to.

However, there were zombies all around the parking garage. It would be difficult to go outside through the drive way leading above ground.

In trying to, there would be no other choice but to go back indoors. If it was this trash deposit area, it had food, water, and heat. The zombies that had come downstairs were probably moving because of this person. With

zombies in the boiler room and the electrical room connecting to this place, this person had barricaded themselves in here for more than a month.

That was until the power outage.

The lights had gone out. Starving in the cold without light or water; a normal person wouldn't be able to bear it.

That's when they went outside.

Thinking up to here, Yusuke cuts off his flashlight and hurries back to the platform.

Because he had the key for the shutters, they could not be opened by anyone else. His destination was just ahead.

Looking at the elevator, he could see it was stopped on the 3rd floor.

(Shit)

It was still operating on emergency power. Rapidly pressing the up button on the elevator, Yusuke impatiently calls it down.

Yusuke remembers the transceiver and retrieves it from the truck. The range on it was short, and so he had left it in the driver's seat when he went out.

Taking it in his hand, he contacts Mizuki.

“Oi, can you hear me? It’s Takemura. There might be a survivor heading your way. Stay quiet and wait for me.”

There was no reply.

Putting the transceiver on his waist, he waits for the slow moving elevator while thinking.

(Just because it’s a survivor doesn’t mean they will be hostile.... it should be okay as long as they share food with them.)

Gripping his flashlight in his hand, he looks around and his eyes fall on the truck on the loading platform. One of the boxes had fallen on its side and the smoked meat was scattered. The packaging had been ripped open, and a number of them had been eaten. There were also empty water bottles.

“.....”

With a ding, the elevator arrives.

Yusuke steps inside and punches the 3F button with his fist.

(TL: As one who hates Mizuki, allow me to be the first to say; all of you who like Mizuki, get shreked.)

## Chapter 30: Assassin

After Yusuke had left to investigate the fire...

On the 3rd floor of the super market, Mizuki and her brothers were preparing to leave.

Mizuki makes her brothers wear jumpers to ward off the cold. Placing a battery powered lantern on the desk, they quickly gather everything necessary for their departure.

She had divided food and clothing up and placed them in her brothers ruk-sacks, along with bottled water. With this it would raised the likeliness of them surviving if they every got separated.

They could grab another one along the way, so Mizuki didn't pack the rice cooker. Besides, the generator couldn't run very many appliances at once. Yusuke had found some solar powered equipment, but was unsuccessful in installing it and it was left untouched. In any case, they would have little power.

Mizuki packs various documents and self-made notes in a bag, as well as tightly wrapped food into a cardboard box.

The bulkiest items were clothing. So that their luggage wouldn't become cluttered, they just brought their winter clothes (snow suits) and underwear. Mizuki packed what her brothers couldn't carry with their rucksacks in her bag. She also used the field backpack Yusuke had left

behind to pack towels and other cleaning supplies.

(It's like I'm preparing to travel.) (TL: She means go on a trip/vacation)

This thought runs across Mizuki's mind.

About to leave the now familiar office, she felt uneasy.

However, she was looking forward to leaving this cooped up environment. She had expectations for her life in the mountains.

Mizuki was absorbed in learning about agriculture as instructed by Yusuke.

She wasn't all that familiar with potteries, but the thought of growing something lit a fire in her chest.

It was hope.

Right now, Mizuki and her brothers were just survivors of a broken civilization.

However, growing the food they needed in order to survive through the soil and her own power; with that action befitting humans, it would feel like things were getting back on track.

Living as a human, she felt it was something to be proud of.

(Anyway... if I follow Takemura-san, it'll all work out, no matter where we go.)

Mizuki was smiling happily.

It was a strange sense of trust.

She carries the stuffed bag into the hall.

Rays of sunlight shine through the windows along the wall in the corridor, signalling the breaking of dawn.

At that moment, she notices the elevator display flash. The elevator was raising to her floor.

(I wonder if the fire was nothing?)

Thinking that he arrived quicker than she expected, she stops her movements.

She sets down her bags and waits for the elevator to open.

With a ding, the elevator arrives, and the doors slowly open.

"Eh....."

Mizuki steps back.

What appeared in the elevator doors was not Yusuke.

It was a ragged, dirty, grimy, thin homeless looking person. (TL: Laughing so hard.)

Thick beard hair was growing out of his jaw, extending all the way to his shoulders. Scraps of vegetable waste were tangled the man's hair. His clothes looked like something that was thrown away. Stains were scattered all over them. A terrible stench escaped into the hallway.

She remembers seeing him before somewhere.

The man looks at her and slightly opens his eyes.

The man places his hand on the door to keep it from shutting, and with his feet trailing behind, he walks out of the elevator.

As if pushed, Mizuki takes another step back.

"A.....no....." (TL: Searching for something to say.)

Leaking out a puzzled voice, the man's right hand enters Mizuki's line of sight.

In his hand was a dirty hammer. (TL: Have you come to fix the

generator?)



"....."

Remaining silent, she slowly steps backwards towards the office.

She has the feeling she has seen this man before.

However, she is unable to recall when they have met.

Suppressing the shaking in her voice, she speaks,

"Are you a..... survivor? If it's food, we have some. We have a bunch, so help yourself....."



She removes some food from her bag and places it on the floor. While the man's attention is drawn to the food, Mizuki quietly falls back.

The man approaches the food and crouches down in front of it. At that moment, Mizuki turns and flees to the office, shutting the door behind her.

She would need a barricade as there was no lock on the door to the office.

If she had fled to the locker room, she would have been able to lock herself inside; but she escaped to the office thinking of her brothers.

Then, she remembers the identity of the man.

(.....It was him.....)

It was the lean looking man that was the last to leave the 3rd floor.

The man whose gaze stuck to her, and who had banged on the locker room door late at night, trying to get her to open it.

Why was he still alive?

Where had he been until now?

At first Mizuki had been confused with his sudden appearance, but he

was not the kind of opponent you could take a friendly approach with.

“Tak-kun, Ma-kun! Get to the back of the office!”

She yells at her brothers in the office. Surprised by her strong (threatening) attitude, they take their rucksacks and run to the back room of the office.

(If I can't protect them.....!)

Thinking she could use a desk as a barricade, she goes to move it, but is unable to with her strength. It was the same with a nearby cabinet. During this time, the man could enter at any moment. Unable to compose herself, she panics.

With a confused face, she thinks,

(This won't work! What should I..... How can I.....)

A weapon.

The hot water supply room was outside across the hallway, so she couldn't get the kitchen knife. However, there should be unused knives packed away in the office. So that her brothers couldn't get to them, she had packed them in a locked cabinet along with other tools.

Pulling open the desk drawer and searching inside using the dim light from the lantern, she was finally able to find the key.

Unlocking the cabinet with trembling hands, she shoots a look at the door to the office, confirming that the man has yet to enter.

What was inside the cabinet consisted of a gas torch, a portable stove, and cutlery. Taking out the package containing the knives, she tears it open and grabs one.

At that moment, the door to the office opened.

Slowly, the man's face appears from the crack. He is still holding a hammer in his right hand.

The man silently observes Mizuki as if appraising her.

With trembling breaths, she stands from the cabinet and grips the knife in both of her hands.

She was surprised at her own killing intent.

"Don't come any closer than that."

"....."

The man remained silent.

"If you're looking for food, I can give you everything we have. Once you

have received everything, go back to where ever you were before. We will not be here tomorrow. You can come back then and use this place as you wish."

If the man was listening to her, he didn't show any signs of it. He just silently looked around the office.

(Is it no good?)

Mizuki bites her lip.

The previous time she was attacked, she could do nothing but tremble at the situation.

However, this time is different.

The current her had a goal, a purpose. The four of them would build a life together in the mountains. Someday, they would be living their days quietly in the mountains.

It was her reason to live.

Seeing the man take a step forward, Mizuki points her knife at him.

".....I'm not... bluffing."

"....."

The man stops.

Dropping his gaze to the hammer in his right hand, he pats it with his left hand, then looks back up.

"Ah....."

He begins coughing.

".....I understand."

While saying this, his hand loosens on the hammer and it falls.

Careful not to let her guard down, Mizuki keeps her stance and waits for the man to speak.

".....And?"

The man opens his mouth.

".....Are the only other people here those two?"

At those words, Mizuki unintentionally looked back. Her brothers were peeking out from a door within the office, looking at them with worried expressions.

"Don't! Go bac....."

With a body crashing into something, Mizuki's words were interrupted. A desk had been pushed over and pens, scissors, and other office supplies were scattered all over the floor. At the center of the mess was the man rushing towards her while holding a hammer.

Twisting her body, she swings the knife blindly. She feels the knife cut through something, and at the same time, feels a dull pain in her side.

"Kafu....."

Falling to the floor, she grips herself in pain.

While holding her side, she crawls away from the man, trying to put distance between them. Her transceiver had been knocked from her neck and was lying on the ground nearby.

She could feel something wet with her right hand holding the knife. The lantern was far away and she couldn't see very well in the darkness, but it seemed to be blood.

If she looked intently, she could see the man holding his arm, staring at them. There was a lot of liquid dripping down from where he was holding. With that amount of blood, the cut appeared to be deep.

The man's eyes were lit with anger.

".....!"

Gripping his hammer, the man drew close with great strides.

Still gripping her side, Mizuki gets on her feet and turns to yell at her brothers.

"Close the door! It's dangerous to come out!"

Saying what she needed, as if leaving the room her brothers were in behind, she presses forward into the desk's surroundings.

Her forehead was wet with sweat, and the pain in her side was getting worse. The hammer seemed to have hit her in the ribs. Holding her side with her left hand, she grips the knife tightly with her right.

She was afraid.

However, she was dominated by an anger even stronger than her fear.

(By this kind of person.....!)

A despicable kind of person that preys on the weak.

Were they just toys to him?

Waiting for the right moment to strike, they glare at each other.

".....hear.... me? .....there....."

Suddenly something could be heard at the man's feet. It was the receiving sound of the transceiver. Surprised, the man comes to a stop and drops his gaze.

Not letting that opening pass, Mizuki runs towards the entrance.

(Takemura-san!)

Yusuke would be there soon.

With that encouragement, she is able to run through the mess of supplies around the desk despite her clumsy footing. Just when she was about to enter the hallway, an intense pain ran through her calf. Her posture breaks and she crashes into the cabinets next to her, collapsing on the floor.

"It..... hurts....."

Gripping her shoulder that hit the cabinet, she sits up from lying on her back.

The hammer was lying next to her. It had been thrown, and hit her leg.

She had let go of her knife at some point during the fall and it had disappeared.



Suddenly she feels a presence at her back and before she is able to turn around, she is kicked.

With the wind knocked out of her, Mizuki twists her body in pain. Writhing in pain on the floor, her thoughts start to scatter. She is unable to think straight.

Grabbed by her hair, she is pulled up from the floor.

Above her was the man, breathing like a beast. The stench of his breath hit her in the face. Assaulted by the smell of rot, the black silhouette of the man comes over her.

"N.....no.....!"

Mortified, tears begin forming in her eyes.

The man's hand stretches out and hits her in the face. Her mind goes blank for a moment, and then she sees the man's silhouette standing over her, holding the hammer.

"Onee-chan!"

Yuu's crying voice called out. A small figure rushed over and crashes into the man's back. The man staggers, but doesn't fall; and directs his attention towards the younger brother. Behind him, Takeshi could be seen as well. While frightened, they had jumped out to help their sister. The

man shakes them off with one arm and swings his hammer.

"Damee!!" (TL: "Don't!!")

Mizuki grabs onto the man's legs, but is unable to stop his movements. The weapon swings, and blood flies through the air.

## Chapter 31: Retaliate And Purify

Arriving at the 3rd floor, Yusuke could already hear signs of an engagement. Pulling the hammer back and placing his finger on the trigger, he quickly walks towards the office.

In the office, faintly lit by a lantern, Yusuke can see a man looming over Mizuki's body. He points the pistol in the air and fires.

Hearing the gunshot, everyone stops moving.

The sound of the gunshot echos through the room, slowly fading.

While crying hysterically, Mizuki is stretching out to her collapsed brothers. The man had been straddling her back, trying to remove her clothes. With a surprised expression, the man looked at him.

Quickly approaching the man, Yusuke pulls back the hammer on the pistol. The cylinder spun, loading the next bullet.

Yusuke points his pistol between the man's eyes and the man's body becomes rigid. Yusuke then kicks him in the face. As he was wearing steel toed combat boots, the man's nose was crushed and he let out a scream like a pig, falling to the floor.

"....."

While the man is holding his bleeding face, cringing in pain; Yusuke points the barrel of the gun at the back of his head.

Holding his nose, the man begins crawling away as if to escape. Watching him crawl until he nears the wall, Yusuke then opens his mouth.

"Stop."

At that cold voice, the man stops.

"Put these on your legs."

While saying this, Yusuke takes out a pair of handcuffs from a leather pouch on his waist.

"Secure one end to your leg, and the other to the leg of the desk."

The man looks firmly at the pair of handcuffs thrown in front of him.

The gun is once again fired.

With the bullet flying into the cabinet next to him, the man screams.

"Do it quickly....."

Hearing that voice which sounded like he was tired of waiting, the man hurriedly picks up the handcuffs and, fumbling through the darkness,

secures his right leg to the desk.

With this, he is unable to move. There was nothing within his reach that could be used as a weapon. Yusuke finally lowers the gun.

"Oi, you okay?"

He calls out to Mizuki, but there is no response.

When he turns around, he sees Mizuki holding Yuu's body in her lap and not moving.

"Ah.....ah....."

Something that was neither a cry or a sigh was coming from her.

".....Oi."

"Yuu is....."

Walking over to her, he looks down at Yuu from above.

His neck had been broken.

His eyes were hollow and lifeless.

"....."

Yusuke closes his eyes and suppresses something welling up within him.

Forcing himself to swallow his anger, he opens his eyes and looks around. The collapsed Takashi enters his vision. His body is rolled up and trembling.

"You okay?"

Yusuke walks over to him and crouches down. His leg is swollen below his pant legs, and was smeared with blood. His leg was most likely broken. And with him holding his stomach in pain, it would appear he took damage to his intestines. Yusuke wasn't sure if the boy's life was in danger, but it was clear he received serious injuries.

(Shit.)

Even if it was a small wound, it would turn serious if left untreated. That is the limit of the strength of a child's body.

(I should take him to the hospital..... no, the it's littered with zombies. Can I somehow make due with a improvised treatment? If only there was a doctor.... but where would we find one...)

While Yusuke was lost in thought, his right hand was grabbed by something. Looking up, Mizuki was trying to take the handgun from him.

"I told you it's dangerous!"

Afraid of accidentally firing it, Yusuke tried to shake her off, but she wouldn't let go. Her hands were firmly gripped around it, unwilling to let go. Reluctantly, Yusuke releases the gun.

As soon as she got the revolver in her hands, Mizuki stands in front of the man in handcuffs; and holds the gun in front of her with both hands, preparing to fire.

"Hiiii!"

The man screams and tries to fall back, but is unable to with his leg handcuffed to the desk. He holds both of his arms in front of himself, blocking his face in fear.

Looking at him, it was a pathetic appearance. His cheeks were sunken and his nose was broken with blood running down his face. His clothes were stained with the blood from a cut on his arm. He looked like a homeless person that was a victim of vagrant hunting.

(TL: I guess some Japanese like to hunt homeless people and beat them up.)

"How dare..!"

Mizuki calls out in a shaking voice. Ever since she grabbed the

handgun, her hands that held it were trembling. With just a squeeze of the trigger, the bullet would be shot.

"H, help me....." (TL: "Ta, tasukete kure....")

At the man's words, Mizuki's anger grew.

"How dare you, something like that..!"

"I was wrong! I'm sorry! Forgive me!"

"How can you say that! Yuu was, Yuu was..! To do something so terrible..!"

(TL: Her words are really broken and unfinished. Sorry if it sounds incoherent.)

"I had no intention of killing him! It somehow happened! I was trapped by myself for so long, I became messed up!"

"I, I don't care! What does that matter! You coward! Are you scared of being killed!?"

(TL: She says this like "Are you yourself scared of being killed". Relating to the death of Yuu.)

"Forgive me! Please, don't do it....."



He cowers on the ground while covering his face.



Looking at the man, Mizuki tightens her finger on the trigger.

"I won't forgive you....."

"I'm sorry.... please, I don't want to die....."

At that begging. (TL: This was an incomplete sentence in the raw)

No matter how much she wanted to, Mizuki couldn't pull the trigger.

She put strength in her finger, trying to pull the trigger many times, but the gun did not fire.

Eventually.

"Why....."

Mizuki lets out a hopeless voice.

Her arms were trembling.

If it were in the midst of a fight, she may have been able to do it, but she was unable to ruthlessly take the life of a cowering human.

"Why are you begging for your life....? Why can't you just shut up and let me kill you....."

Listening to her talk as if she was broken, the man became frightened.

Seeing Mizuki like that, Yusuke walks over and stretches out his hand from beside her. He pulls back the hammer on the pistol in her hands. The gun was still clasped tightly in her hands.

"Mizuki."

Surprised by Yusuke's voice, she looks up at him.

Come to think of it, this was the first time he had called her by her name.

The strength leaves her body, she loosens her grip, and releases the gun to Yusuke.

With her face cast down bearing a ghostly expression, she looks at him.

"My brothers....."

Mizuki spoke.

"They thought of Takemura-san as a hero.... they spoke about you so many times after you first came to help us..... they said they wanted to be like you when they grew up, so I thought it was dangerous and tried to escape with them."

Hatred was floating within her eyes.

"Why..... why didn't you protect us?"

Yusuke looks at the pistol in the palm of his hand and remains silent.

Eventually, he speaks.

"Sorry." (TL: He uses "Suman." which is more like "My bad." xD)

At Yusuke's words, Mizuki acts as if she had just woken up,

"Ah, ahh..... what am I saying. I'm sorry, my head suddenly stopped

working..... did I perhaps say something rude? I'm sorry, even though it was my fault.... ahh, what should I do..... are you mad.....?"

"It's fine. Look over Takashi's injuries."

"Okay....."

With uneasy steps, Mizuki wanders towards Takashi. (TL: Takashi, RUN!!)

"Fuu....."

Yusuke turns towards the desk and lets out a sigh.

With his elbows rested on his knees, and his hands folded to support his chin, he glares at the man while thinking of what to do next.

The sounds of fighting had disappeared, and there was a painful silence spread over the room.

Mizuki was by Takashi's side, staring with a blank expression. The man was trembling in the corner of the room.

Time flowed slowly.

Everything had been ruined.

The cause of it lie with himself.

Yusuke understood that fact.

(It's my fault huh.....)

He didn't think he would be able to do everything perfectly, and he knew various setbacks would come up.

But.... the problems just keep getting worse and worse.

If he had left Mizuki with the hand gun, this situation wouldn't have happened. (TL: Butt hurt gun law fags rant in 3...2...)

He had a spare gun.

Even without fighting the opponent, she could have threatened and restrained them. There aren't many people who would approach despite a gun pointed at them.

Then, if he were to say why he never left a gun with Mizuki...

It's that.

(.....I couldn't trust her.)

If he handed over such a powerful weapon, there would be fear of rebellion.

He never thought this place would be attacked, and so never thought to arm Mizuki.

(TL: I guess he means the zombie guards were supposed stop the intruders.)

However, now that it had become like this, there were no excuses.

With regards to this incident, Yusuke's suspicions of Mizuki are what caused it.

"Ah...Ahh....."

Yusuke looked up at the ceiling.

"What to do....." (TL: Takashi is just dying in the background)

An uncomfortable silence dominated the room.

(We have no choice but to go the the mountains.... but what do we do if Takashi's condition worsens. Can we treat him good enough ourselves? Does he need a blood transfusion? What kind of medicine does he need? Would it be fine with just antibiotics? Damn it, if only we had a doctor....)

At that moment, a siren sounded from far away.

Yusuke stopped moving and listened closely.

It was a discomfoting sound he hadn't heard until now.

The wall separating him from the outside made it difficult to hear, but it was definitely the disaster prevention sirens.

He stood up and started to head into the corridor, but stopped, worrying about leaving Mizuki in the room with the intruder.

Had she not acknowledged the siren yet? She sat there with glazed over eyes, staring at the space in front of her.

If an announcement were to be made over the broadcast, he wouldn't be able to hear it from inside the room. It would be best for him to head to the roof, but he didn't want to take his eyes off the man.

(Tha.... no, with the radio.....)

Picking up the lantern, he approaches the desk with the radio. Flipping the switch, there was no reaction. It was obvious it wouldn't work due to the power outage.

Clicking his tongue, Yusuke goes under the desk and switches the radio's plug from the outlet, to the battery box next to it. There was power. Coming out from under the desk, he starts up the radio.

The disaster prevention radio frequency had to be among the default

set of channels. He operates the key pad, searching through the channels. The siren suddenly stops, and is replaced by a muffled sound.

A voice began to flow through the speakers.

It was the stammering voice of a young woman.

".....gawa. ....if possible choose wide roads and move silently. I repeat. ....this is Oono City Hall. We are currently providing shelter for over 100 survivors. Three days from now, a rescue helicopter will arrive. For those able to move, please head towards Oono City Hall. Located at the intersection of route 33 and Hidakagawa. ....if possible choose wide roads and move silently. This message will broadcast every hour on the hour for five minutes, 24 hours a day until the battery dies. To all survivors that can hear this voice, head towards Oono City Hall. Whatever you do don't give up! I repeat. This is Oono City Hall....."

It was a hard voice, not accustomed to broadcasting.

With a puzzled look, Mizuki stares at Yusuke.

(There were still that many survivors huh.....)

Yusuke covers his face with his hand. What he had just heard jumbled his thoughts.

(....100, 100 people huh? They seem to have the place under control enough to broadcast.... maybe they have medical personnel there, but even if they don't, when the helicopter comes, we can get medical



treatment for Takashi then. I was worried about those dangerous guys at the university but..... city hall is pretty far away. Can we make it in three days.....?)

Thinking it over, Yusuke opens his mouth.

"Mizuki, Takashi will be in your care. Use a blanket or something to wrap him up. I'll..... I'll take Yuu. We will be leaving soon."

"Y, yes."

Mizuki hurries to the back to get a blanket.

While Yusuke was also preparing to depart,

"Ah! H....hey....."

With a voice calling to him, Yusuke turns.

The intruder's line of sight was directed at him.

"....."

Yusuke and the man's gazes meet.

".....P, please....."

At the man's pleading voice, Yusuke slowly drops his gaze. What entered his vision was the hand gun, tightly held in his hand.

An impatient look was spread across the man's face.

Yusuke lets out a sigh,

"You want to go too?"

"! Ah, ahh! Please!"

Yusuke flings the key from his hip,

"Bind both of your hands with the handcuffs. When you are finished, throw the key back to me. If you make any strange movements, I'll shoot you in the head."

"I, I understand!"

The man desperately unlocks the handcuffs around his ankle, and uses it to bind his arms; showing a flattering smile. He was probably thinking that compared to Mizuki's earlier actions, Yusuke showed no intent to kill.

"Takemura-san?!"

Mizuki, who had returned, let out a surprised voice.

"Why would let that kind of person..!"

"It's fine so be quiet."

"But...!"

"Shut up."

Furrowing her brows, Mizuki wraps Takashi in a blanket while glaring at the man with eyes full of hatred.

With the handgun, Yusuke urges the man forward.

"We'll go outside first."

With a willingness to follow their orders, the man walks along the wall, heading toward the exit. Yusuke follows behind him.

Entering the hallway, the man heads in a direction when Yusuke calls out to him.

"Wrong. Go right. Before we escape, I want to see what the condition is outside."

At those words, the man stops and turns right, heading towards the end of the hallway. It appeared to be morning, and sunlight was shining

through the windows along the corridor. The green leaves of the plants along the windows were soaking in the morning sun. Beyond them was the parking lot.

Yusuke speaks up.

"How is it outside, are there any zombies?"

"N, no....."

"Is that right."

Surprised at the voice so close to him, the man turns around.

Less than a meter away, the hand gun was pointed at him at waist height.



The sound of a gunshot is heard.



The man falls back and slams against the glass. Cracks spread across the surface. Leaning against the glass, the man stares blankly at the hole in his stomach.

“Did you think would quietly let you come with us?”

The hammer is pulled back. A bullet is shot through the man’s right leg, and his body jolt with the impact. The cracks in the window at his back get larger.

Once again the hammer is pulled back.

A bullet is shot at the man’s left leg.

With the 3rd shot, the glass shattered. The man’s body falls through the window among the tiny fragments of glass.



His body slams into the concrete, and his arms are bent at absurd angles like some kind of toy. Blood gushes from his wounds, and a puddle begins to slowly spread beneath him.

Yusuke looks down at him with hard eyes.

He was still alive. He turns over and tries to crawl with his distorted arms and legs.

" ..... "

He felt the presence of someone standing next to him.

It was Mizuki. (TL: Takashi is seriously going to die in their hands.)



She watched the man in silence. While the two were staring down at him, zombies started to appear. They were attracted by the stench of blood. There was about a dozen of them. They slowly approach the man.

The man tries to flee, but it is impossible with the condition of his arms and legs.

One of them bites into the man's arm. The man screams as his flesh is torn. With that, the zombies begin forming a group around him one by one. With blood splattering everywhere, the man's screams echo in the air.

It was a feast of blood and flesh.



Unexpectedly, he has a flashback of the video he found on that campus.

".....While he is distracting the surrounding zombies, we'll escape from underground."

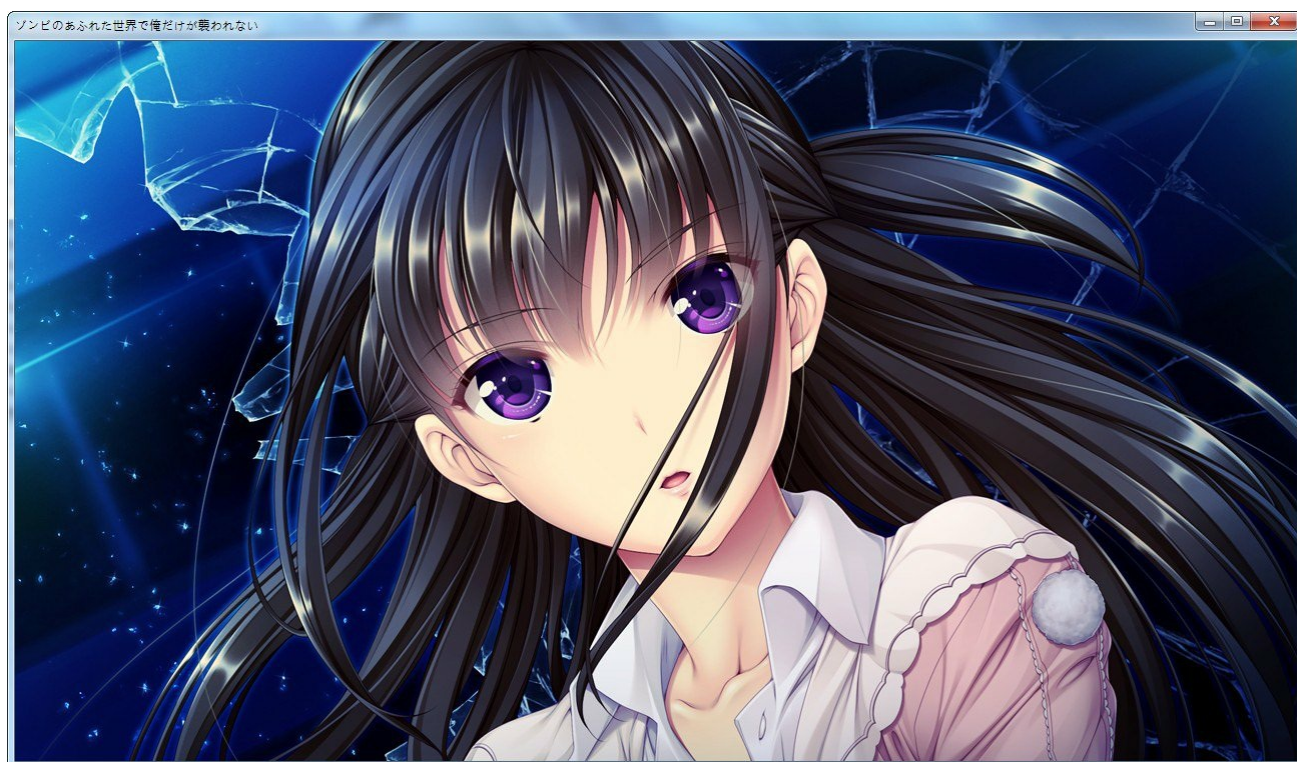
He turns away from the man.

There, Yusuke comes to a stop.

Mizuki was staring intently at him. At her intense stare, Yusuke shuts his mouth.

It felt like she was looking deep within the depths of his heart.

As if she could see everything within him like he was transparent.



".....Let's go."

"Hai."



Mizuki answers quietly.

With the screams from below echoing behind them, the two slowly departed.

## Chapter 32: Goodbye

The city was quiet.

Heading east on the highway, there wasn't a person in sight. Not a single zombie either.

While avoiding the abandoned cars on the road, they slowly headed east in the truck.

As they moved towards City Hall, Mizuki was silent. While embracing Takashi in her lap, she wasn't wearing a seat belt. Behind the seats lay Yuu, wrapped up in a blanket.

Where City Hall was located resembled a sand bank at the point where a river splits in two. It was sitting in between a river to the east and west.

(So that's how it is.....)

Yusuke thought this while taking in the approaching scenery across the bridge.

North of the sand bar was a commerce block with buildings including banks and hotels lined up.

In front of the buildings, across a large road, stood City Hall. Behind it

was a large park. It had a parking lot and sidewalk paths winding through it, creating a nice backdrop for the building.

Perhaps because the zombies couldn't swim, there weren't many trying to approach from the water side. If it was this place, which was almost completely surrounded with rivers, they could prevent zombie intrusions. All they needed to do was be cautious of attacks from the north, and across the east and west bridges.

He had visited the place many times before the pandemic, but looking at it now, it was built in a good location. With the help of this kind of terrain, over 100 people were able to survive.

Crossing the bridge, they saw people ahead. They appeared to be 2 male sentries standing on the sidewalk, waving their hands. Both of them were holding iron pipes about a meter in length.

Mizuki's body tensed beside him.

Looking at his handgun, confirming it was ready to be used at a moment's notice; he opens the driver side window a little and drops the speed of the truck.

He slowly brings the truck to a stop in front of the men.

The man wearing a hunting hat raise one hand and opened his mouth.

"Hey!"

"Hello."

Yusuke's short reply was followed by silence.

The atmosphere was like they were both trying to find something to say.

Thinking about it, it had been a long time since he had a conversation with anyone other than Mizuki.

Yusuke takes the initiative,

"Ah..... are you from City Hall?"

"Y, yes! Did you hear the broadcast? You did well in staying safe."

"Thanks. Though there's three of us, can you take us in?"

"It'll be fine. We'll guide you underground so follow us. Slowly if possible."

Saying that, the men started walking. Yusuke followed them slowly in the truck. Looking at the side mirror, there was another one behind a car. There was nothing overly suspicious about their movements.

Turning his gaze ahead, he can see people walking out from behind a

barricade in front of City Hall. They were a young man and woman, coming toward the bridge; both holding an iron pipe in their hands. It seemed they had come to guide them further inside in place of the sentries.

It didn't appear as if the male sentries had contacted anyone, so they must have decided to place the two by the barricade upon seeing the vehicle.

(This could turn bad.....)

They were more organized than he thought.

Countless people were looking down at them from the windows in the top floor of City Hall. People of different age and gender were looking at them with faces filled with worry as well as curiosity. They were refugees.

Yusuke slowly lets out a breath. They seemed legitimate. The man he first spoke to had also appeared to be honestly happy that they survived.

Returning his gaze, he brings the truck down the slope to the dark underground parking.

.....

He had been expecting them to seize the goods in the truck once he reached the loading platform, but surprisingly, no one said anything. Since rescue would be coming in a few days, it wasn't a situation where they needed to desperately secure rations.

In place of that, they were told to hand over everything that could be used as a weapon for the sake of improving security.

Yusuke hesitated a bit, but it didn't look like he would be able to keep anything hidden, so he did as requested. He also handed over the pistol, wanting to avoid any needless trouble. He had a spare gun, and if he removed the bullets, there wouldn't be much danger in handing it over. When he gave the gun which had lost its weight to the sentry, he received it firmly. Confirming there were no bullets in it, the sentry seemed relieved.

Fortunately, there was a doctor among the survivors.

It was a young female doctor in her mid twenties with dark circles under her eyes. Her wavy black hair was tied up behind her, with frayed bristles covering her face down to her cheeks. She looked tired, as if she pulled an all-nighter.

While feeling around Takashi's belly,

"Has he vomited?"

Yusuke shakes his head.

One of the rooms in City Hall had been renovated to serve as a doctors office. The lights were working, so they must've had a generator. He could also here the faint sound of the refrigerator running.

Takashi was resting on top of a simple bed. He was scared of being treated. Mizuki had walked over and held his hand.

The female doctor cuts the hems of his pants, exposing the affected areas. His leg is swollen with cuts here and there. From there, the doctor speaks to what appears to be her assistant,

"Bring me a 30 centimeter ruler from the office. If you can't find one, search for something similar, it's fine if it's longer than 30 centimeters."

After she finishes speaking, her assistant disappears into the corridor.

The doctor takes a bandage from the numerous first aid kits on top of her desk, and wraps the wounded area as she speaks.

"We don't have an x-ray here, so I can't be certain if there is a fracture or not. But just in case, we should keep the leg in a fixed position while we monitor it."

Mizuki watched with worry on her face.

When she is finished wrapping the leg, the doctor asks him,

"Takashi-kun, does your stomach hurt?"

Takashi shakes his head.

"Is that so. Well, if it becomes painful, speak up and don't just try to bear with it alright?"

He gives a small nod.

She presses her stethoscope against his chest,

"Please take deep breaths for a moment."

Takashi's chest slowly begins to rise.

"Does it hurt breathing in?"

Takashi replies "Just a little".

"Okay. Thanks. Don't cry, you did well."

The female doctor spoke gently.

The female assistant returned holding two thirty centimeter rulers.

Receiving the rulers, the doctor sterilizes them in boiling hot water on the stove in the room. Removing them from the water and allowing them to cool, she places them on both sides of his leg, pinching the affected area. Together with her assistant, they tied them to his leg with a towel.

"You'll have to stay off your leg and rest for a while. Also, if you see



blood in your urine, please contact me.” (TL: I think that goes without saying..)

Mizuki, who had been watching the treatment, speaks anxiously.

“Ano.... will he be alright?”

“He hasn’t shown any severe symptoms yet, so at this time there is no reason to worry. Because he is still growing, it would be better to not use painkillers. If the pain becomes intense, please let me know.”

“Okay. Thank you very much.”

Relieved, Mizuki bows her head deeply.

The doctor stares blankly at her for a bit, then opens her mouth.

“...Whether or not you two have been injured, let’s confirm it now. Fujino-san, come here. Takemura-san, please follow that Tamiya-san’s instructions.”

Saying that, she takes Mizuki and disappears into the next room.

A man standing in the entrance taps Yusuke’s shoulder and brings him behind a partition wall. (TL: One of those screen walls.)

Behind the wall, Yusuke does as instructed and removes his clothing to

show that there are no wounds on his body. They were wary of him being infected. Roughly checking Yusuke's body, the man let out an "Ok".

Yusuke returns to the bed, and after a while, so did Mizuki and the doctor.

When the inspections were over, the man Tamiya called over spoke.

"Sensei, may I continue the procedure?"

"Yeah.... that's right. The evacuee's card. Please have them fill it out here. I do not want to pointlessly move the child."

"Roger."

After a while, a refugee form similar to a residence form was brought out in front of Yusuke. It asked his age, sex, street address, whether he had any diseases, skills/qualifications, and a checkbox for if he owned a car. A single sheet was given to him for a single household.

Yusuke wrote his name first as the representative, then passing the sheet along, Mizuki and Takashi write their names as well.

In this kind of confusing situation, they group people who have been traveling together in the same household. Rations would be distributed to the representative of the household, and the representative would in turn distribute them among their group.

After the rules were explained, they were guided to their sleeping quarters.

Along the way evacuees were sitting on chairs and benches in the corridors, chatting peacefully. Because there was no heater, everyone was overdressed. There were many women and elderly. Work had been assigned to the workers. (TL: Workers as in Men I guess.)

It was most likely because rescue was on its way, but everyone had bright expressions. As Yusuke's party passed through, curious gazes were directed towards them.

(They don't really look like they've been cornered.... They must be doing well.)

As he was thinking such things, they arrived at their destination.

The destination was a room on the second floor, across the hallway, in the west branch of the government building. The room was about half the size of a classroom, and had a partition wall set up in the corner. It had a nameplate on it that read "Urban Development Bureau, housing unit.". A stove had been placed at the center of the room.

Inside the room were five people. Cardboard and sheets were spread on top of the tile and carpet floor. Everyone had improvised their own beds to sleep in. Everyone had dirty and exhausted appearances. Nobody lifted their face to look at them as they entered.

It was completely different from the lively appearances of the people

they past along the way. These were probably the people who had shown up after hearing the broadcast.

The man that guided them walks over to the wall,

"Have that child use this. His level of exhaustion must be much greater."

He spreads out a disaster stockpile mattress beside the wall. Takashi lays on top of it and covers himself with a blanket. His expression becomes calmer.

Yusuke lets his field bag down from his shoulder,

"Thanks for everything. You saved us."

"No, it's good the kid is okay. If anything happens, call the people outside. We distribute meals every morning, but do you guys need anything now?"

"No..... more than that."

He increased their distance from Mizuki and Takashi a little.

"There's the corpse of another child in the truck. We'd like to make a grave for him, will that be okay?"

The man's face becomes stiff.

".....Was he bitten?"

"No. He was killed by a human."

"Ah..... is that so....."

The man's face relaxes,

"A child huh..... What a coincidence."

He shakes his head,

"We had an old man die this morning, it was a disease..... Tomorrow we are going to bury him in the park out back. Is it fine if we do it together at that time? It'll be easier with more help."

"We'll be in your care. Thanks."

"Well, rescue will be here soon. Don't lose your spirit."

"Yeah. Thanks."

Finishing the conversation and returning, Takashi was already asleep. He had been exhausting the strength in his body the entire time they traveled there. He had reached his limit.

Mizuki stayed by Takashi's side, watching him sleep. The doctor had given them two bins of water to wash and replace his bandages with.

Yusuke sits beside her,

"It was good there was a doctor here huh."

"Yeah....."

Mizuki nods slightly.

Takashi's injuries were definitely cause for worry, but it didn't look like his condition was going to change anytime soon.

"You haven't slept either right? I'll monitor him, so you get some sleep first."

"....."

Handing Mizuki a blanket, she takes off her jacket and drapes the blanket over herself. Though there was a stove at the center, it was still cold in the large room.

She lies on the floor next to the wall, curling up with her knees in her chest. She looks similar to a cat, balled up with gentle breathing as she sleeps.

"....."

Yusuke sits there in silence, thinking about various things.

Rescue would come in three days. How many people would survive until the rescue comes? How many safe places are left?

(What's going to happen now.....)

While they rested their bodies, the people around them increases little by little.

It was morning when they had arrived at city hall but during that day, other survivors began to arrive. Because they were all piled in the same room, the once wide open space became cramped and crowded.

Every time someone came and went, Mizuki woke up. She would look at Yusuke and her brother from under her blanket, and confirming that nothing had changed, she would go back to sleep. Though after repeatedly waking up, it would be a shallow sleep.

While nursing Takashi, switching out with each other to sleep, it became night. In the corner of the room dimly lit by the hanging LED lantern at the doorway; Yusuke, Mizuki, and her brother eat dinner.

The number of people in the room had increased to 30. They stayed in groups of two or three people. There wasn't really anyone that was by themselves.

What stood out in the center of the room was a group of 10 people. They were mainly well-built middle aged men, but there were a few girls mixed in. Because they had brought a light with them to eat, as everyone ate, it was only well-lit around that group. They weren't keeping their voices down, and were talking actively among themselves. It was the same atmosphere as a campsite.

On the lantern above the doorway, there was a note attached. The writing could be read from inside the room, and was informing readers to call for help should anything happen, like the toilet going out of order.

Outside in the corridor, a group of men with armbands were chatting peacefully. Yusuke leaves the room and one of the men asks him where he is going. Saying he is going to the bathroom, the man tells him not to go anywhere dangerous or anywhere he has no business going.

On his way to the bathroom, he sees two sentries guarding a connecting corridor.

They seemed to be gatekeepers, keeping the people of the west wing out of the rest of the government building.

Yusuke suddenly thought of something.

(.....Are we being isolated?)

If you thought about it, it was a stable environment accepting newcomers. They didn't know what all kinds of people would be arriving.



It was also possible someone could be infected. It wasn't strange for them to be cautious.

With rescue on their way, they broadcast the information and accepted people in out of goodwill. That the people who were accepted were slightly inconvenienced couldn't be helped.

Using the bathroom as an excuse, Yusuke stretched his legs. Most likely to save power, one in five florescent lights had been removed from the ceiling, spreading the lights further apart. Everywhere except the corridors were pitch black.

The stalls external tank had been attached and could be used to replenish the water in the toilet. It was unexpectedly well prepared.

(TL: Not entirely sure about this one. Just think of it like refilling the tank manually on a normal toilet.)

The power outage had just happened yesterday. It did not appear to be addressed in a hurry, so they must have made meticulous preparations in advance, anticipating the power going out.

He had felt it ever sense they arrived at City Hall, but they were extremely well prepared. The people giving out orders must be competent.

After he inspected the other doorways and closed fire exits, Yusuke returns to the room.

Upon seeing him enter the room, Mizuki's face blatantly revealed her relief.



The following morning, Yusuke awakes feeling a chill in the air.

"Ah, I'm sorry....."

"Yes.....?"

He rubs his eyes, half asleep.

The morning sun shines through the windows, illuminating the sleeping evacuees, cramped up together on the floor of the room. Yusuke was lying in the corner of the room, wrapped up in a blanket. Takashi was sleeping right beside him.

Cold air rushed in through the gaps in the blanket as Mizuki dove under the covers with them. Body heat could be felt coming through from the other side of her cold clothes. It appeared as if she left to use the bathroom.

Bringing her face close to Yusuke's ear, she whispers to him.

"It's okay if you keep sleeping. I'll get up."

"I've already woken up..... I'll get up in a minute."

"Okay."

With that, the two fell silent.

Together under the same blanket, time quietly passed.

"Takemura-san."

"Nn?"

".....Thank you very much."

"For what?"

".....For everything." (TL: "Iroiroto" means various things though I think everything sounds better.)

Muttering softly, Mizuki rests her cheek on Yusuke's chest. It was as if she were a small animal.

As the sun rose, the evacuees began waking up. There were people going to the bathroom, people talking to each other around the stove, and people asking about when the meal would be distributed. The room was filled with a crowded atmosphere.

Right when Yusuke was thinking it was about time to get up, a man's voice resounded.

"Mizuki!"

The lift their face.

Coming toward them, weaving through the crowd, was a tall young man with black hair that looked to be in high school.

"A-kun....."

Mizuki replies in a daze.

"Thank god you're alright! I couldn't find your name on the roster. I've been worried."

Calling her, he came closer; and seeing them both under the same blanket, his face became tense.

The young man's words seemed to be caught in his throat as he stood there staring at the two of them. Eventually he looks away,

".....Mizuki, I'd like to talk to you for a bit. Is it alright?"

"Y, yeah....."

After that, she looks at Yusuke as if to ask if it's okay.

"Sure, go."

".....Okay."

With Yusuke's consent, she leaves the blanket.

Prompted by the young man, Mizuki is guided out into the corridor.  
Watching them leave,

(I have a feeling he will become troublesome.....)

While watching Takashi sleeping beside him, he thinks.

(It felt like he could have been a boyfriend. If that's the case, there will be a fight.....)

If you saw your lover huddled under the same blanket with another guy, you wouldn't be able to remain calm right? Though it would be good if it didn't turn into something big.

It was only about 10 minutes.

The young man returned by himself. He lightly bows his head to Yusuke and speaks.

"Thank you for everything you've done for Mizuki until now."

"..... You're welcome. What's she doing?"

At those words, the young man slowly raises his head.

Contrary to his earlier words of thanks, his face was expressionless.

"From here on, I will protect her. She'll no longer be a problem for you."

".....Ah, is that right."

Meaning he should no longer associate himself with Mizuki.

At those blatant words, Yusuke's mouth twitches.

The young man responds as if irritated,

"Thanks for protecting her, but now her relatives will assume that responsibility. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Nah, not really. Are you her boyfriend?"

The young man answers with an expressionless face,

"That's right. We're dating."

"Sigh....." (TL: "Fuuun.....")

Yusuke responds apathetically,

"But you know, will you really be able to take care of her properly? That child is injured. Do you have enough food?"

Those words seemed to sour the young man's mood. He raises his eyebrow,

".....It seems you don't get it."

"? Get what?"

"The one who runs this place is Makiura sensei. If I ask, I can get various accommodations."

Hearing that, he was referring to that female doctor. So the young man is close to the doctor, who is the top in command at City Hall.

"Until rescue comes, we've been having all the new people stay in the west wing of the building. But if I were to ask my relatives, I can move her

to the main building. The doctors office will be close, and Takashi could easily be moved. It is definitely a better place than here."

".....heee. That sounds great."

Somehow his line of sight moved to the sleeping Takashi.

This room was overly crowded, and staying warm was a problem. It was certainly not a very good environment.

"Then...."

Something bitter floated in the young man's eyes.

"I've already expressed my gratitude. Why is Yuu not here? I got along well with him. Also Takashi received these kinds of injuries..... Who is responsible for this?"

"....."

Yusuke was silent.

If Yusuke hadn't intervened, the three of them would certainly have starved to death. If he were to put the blame on Mizuki...

In any case, the man in front of him didn't deserve a proper answer.



However, Yusuke didn't refute him.

(....well..... it's fine right? If the relatives take care of those two then.....)

Yusuke lets out a small sigh,

".....I get it. I'll leave the rest to you. Where should I take him?"

Standing up and attempting to lift Takashi, the young man interrupted.

"I'll take Takashi. It's our responsibility to get his name in the roster. Feel free to use the left over blankets."

".....Thanks."

Suddenly looking, Mizuki could be seen standing in the doorway. She was looking at them with a panicked expression, not knowing what was going on.

When Yusuke approaches her, the young man vigilantly notices it. He waves back at her letting her know nothing is going on.

Passing through the entrance, Yusuke turns to Mizuki who was looking up at them and speaks.

"Sorry for everything. You'll be in his care from now on."

"Yeah...."

Mizuki answered in a daze.

"See ya."

Yusuke walked away with the young man talking to Mizuki at his back.



The burial began that morning.

Under the clear sky, several men were assisting in digging holes. Since they couldn't afford to cremate them, they would be buried wrapped in sheets. In the park, there were countless gravestones made of sticks from the trees.

Yusuke waves his arm, innocently intermingling with the men digging the graves.

Once the grave reached one and a half meters deep, a body wrapped in a sheet would be carried to it on a stretcher. There were no coffins. Once the body is passed to the men inside the hole and they lower it to the

bottom. The hole is then back-filled.

A middle aged woman and her daughter were watching with vacant expressions. They appeared to be the family of the deceased.

When the old man's burial was finished, the men dug a hole for Yuu beside the previous one. Their arms had tired from digging the first hole, so they began switching out with each other. Little by little, the hole was dug further down.

Yuu's sheet wrapped body was light, and Yusuke was able to lower it to the bottom of the hole by himself. Each time they shoveled dirt into the hole, his body slowly disappeared.

When everything was over, the grave diggers patted him on the back. Friendly comforting him. After giving his thanks, Yusuke was the only one remaining.

Crossing his legs and sitting in front of the grave, he began musing to himself.

Thinking about it, Yuu's burial should have been left to Mizuki and that young man. They had a much closer relationship than the one between her and Yusuke who she just met.

However, he couldn't pass up participating.

(I wonder if I've become a stubborn person.....)

Yusuke takes a breath,

"Looks like your luck's ran out too huh...."

Gently patting Yuu's resting place, Yusuke stands.

(Well then..... before rescue comes, I should release Tokiko-chan huh)

(TL: YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS)

Without Yusuke around, there would be no one visiting the first floor of the apartment. He couldn't bear to leave her all alone there forever. It was just his opinion but it was better to let her roam the city freely.

In order to find a point he could leave City Hall without anyone noticing, Yusuke walked around the park.

Ahead on the walkway was a small bridge. There was a sturdy barricade built half way across the bridge. At the base of the bridge were two men holding pipes, talking to each other. They were monitoring the bridge.

Looking at the far ends of the park, Yusuke thinks to himself.

(I'll probably be able to get out at night....)

Due to the active security, it wouldn't be easy to escape.

At that time, a large choking sound was heard.

Turning around, a woman was sitting on a bench in the shade of a tree.

She wasn't wearing a white coat, so he didn't recognize her for a moment, but it was definitely the female doctor Makiura. With her head dropped down, he had severe dark circles around her eyes. She was wearing a long black skirt and a white shirt with a cardigan over it. Her web of black hair flowed naturally.

Just looking at her, she had the appearance of an elegant language teacher liked by all the boys.

She takes a drag on her cigarette and begins coughing. Seemingly noticing Yusuke, she puts her hand up towards him in a 'please wait a moment' gesture.

After a moment, she calmed down.

She slightly lowers her head,

".....Excuse me."

"Ah, no it's okay....."

Yusuke was puzzled at their chance meeting.

Not caring about Yusuke's presence, she fiddles with the cigarette in her hand in silence, but then looks at him,

"Do you smoke?"

At those words, Yusuke responds slightly embarrassed,

"No, I don't smoke much..... these days."

"That's good. It isn't very good for you."

To Yusuke who looked as if he were going to say "Then why are you smoking?", she tilts her head,

"I thought I needed a change of pace. There were a lot of people around me who smoked so... Halfheartedly, I gave it a shot but..... it doesn't taste that great."

"Well.... if you're not used to it, it's not something that's very fun."

Speaking to a doctor, he should use honorifics, but somehow he found it hard to do so.

When the pandemic hit, life became about survival. In this kind of situation, worrying about social status and changing your speech to match felt awkward.

Makiura speaks indifferently,

"It's fine to speak however you want. In this kind of world. We also look around the same age."

"No, your the leader around here..... right? Makiura sensei."

"Who told you that?"

"A guy mentioned it to me.... he looked to be in high school."

Makiura mutters something under her breath.

".....My position is the vice president, but I'm in charge of treatment and counseling, I'm not the top. The chairman, Mizuhashi-san who teaches high school is much more qualified than me in age and experience."

"Everyone takes their orders from you, or so I was told."

"That's, not a good thing..."

"Is... that so."

A doctor should dedicate themselves to the role of a doctor, anything else would be a waste of time.

Wanting to change the topic, Makiura opens her mouth.

"I watched the burial. Thanks for your help."

Yusuke shakes his head,

"You dug a grave for us as well. You really helped us."

".....Was he your little brother?"

"No. He was the brother of..... the kid you were treating in your office before, whether he was the older or younger brother..... I don't know."

"Is that so....."

They fall silent.

Right when Yusuke was thinking it was about time to walk away, Makiura suddenly opens her mouth.

"Today, we buried a man named Shinozaki-san....."

Makiura cuts off her words, looking around with vacant eyes.

"The cause of death was unknown. I had various ideas of what it could



be, but the equipment here sub standard. I couldn't treat.. couldn't do anything..... I thought that at least I'd be present at the burial, but I didn't have the courage to look at the family."

Slowly the words flowed out as if she were whimpering.

He didn't understand why she would tell him something like this in spite of this being their first time speaking to each other, and kept his mouth shut.

Perhaps realizing this, Makiura lowers her head,

"I'm sorry..... However, about that boy. There were no signs of danger. But, I'm not confident. There weren't any signs of Shinozaki's life being in danger either. If possible, I'd like to keep an eye on him."

"Ah..... so that's it." (TL: "Aa..... naruhodo")

Yusuke scratches his face,

"However, we've already separated...."

"? Did something happen?"

"That kids sister..... she met and joined up with her boyfriend. He said that he would take her and her brother to stay in the main building."

Makiura furrowed her brows in silence.

Without saying anything, she thinks about Yusuke's words.

After a while, she nods slightly.

"I understand. I'll take responsibility for the matter of looking after him."

"Thanks for the help."

"No problem."

(TL: Couldn't really think of a good way to translate the two lines above.  
Original is: "Tanomimasu" "Ie")

Makiura spoke while standing.

"It's about time to get back. Sorry to have kept you."

She leaves while waving. While watching her go, Yusuke lets out a breath.

Across the river stood the quiet cityscape. A nice breeze was blowing and the sky was blue without a cloud in sight.

"Well, with that..... Time to get back to roaming freely."

With a crack, he stretches his body.

With this, he didn't have anymore ties.

He was free to move as he pleased.

It wasn't as if he didn't have any worries leaving the two in the man's hands, but he felt Makiura could be trusted.

As long as he could grasp the location of the Self-defense forces, he didn't need to wait for the helicopter. He was able to achieve the goal of making contact with a structured civilization. (TL: not 100% on this.)

The zombies on the college campus did make him uneasy, but City Hall's defenses were strong, and even if they couldn't hold off an attack, rescue was coming in just three days. (TL: It says around 3 days. Though in my opinion it should be 2 days since one has passed.)

"When night comes, I'll once again return to the city."

Grasping the positions of the security, Yusuke returns to City Hall.

Author Note :

(TL: The author says this at the end of the chapter.)

It's superficial but Mizuki-san was not NTR'd.

## Chapter 33: Tokiko's Change

TI Notes :

I know it sounded like he was leaving City Hall for good last chapter, but he was just saying that he didn't have to wait for the helicopter at City Hall, not that he didn't have to wait for it at all.

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When the sun set, Yusuke slipped out of City Hall.

Riding a bicycle he picked up along the way, it was late at night when he arrived at the apartment complex.

"It feels somewhat nostalgic..."

Entering his own room, he looks around. The power was out, so he had to rely on the dim moonlight.

The inside of the room smelled dusty... anyway, he began looking through the place for items to bring with him.

"First, what should I do with this...."

Inside his closet was the other firearm he got from the police station. There were also boxes of bullets.

He could secretly bring them, but if he were found out, then it would be

troublesome.

"I could hide them somewhere close by City Hall..... and use them when I'm in trouble. The best place would be in the car huh."

It would be fine if he left one in a gun case with a padlock behind the drivers seat. If rescue came as scheduled, then it would become useless, but it was good to be prepared in case something went wrong.

He places the firearm in his field bag, and moved onto other things.

When the pandemic started, he collected items that could be useful from retail stores. Within those items, he finds a hand-crank radio and throws it in his bag. If there was a USB terminal, it could charge mp3 players. Picking up other items that looked like they could be used, he closes his bag.

Among his personal belongings, there was nothing he especially wanted to bring. He had enough clothes.

He didn't have any mementos either, and at the time of his employment, he had stored away things from his past. It was a room with no individuality. It was fine if he just had his keys and ID.

After searching the place, Yusuke lets out a breath and opens the fridge. He takes a beer from inside and popping the tab, he takes a drink. Because the power was out, it was lukewarm.

The nostalgic alcohol wet his dry throat.

Letting the can back down, he once again searches the fridge. There was one can left.

"There's liquor in Tokiko-chan's room..... oh that's right, Tokiko-chan."

He remembers his original objective. With his half finished beer in his hand, he heads toward Tokiko's room.

Opening the door and taking off his shoes, he enters the dining room.

There he saw the collapsed figure of Tokiko on the floor.

(TL: .....)

"What.....?"

In the faint light, her loosely braided black hair was spread across the floor. Her lower body was clothed in nothing but white panties, peeking out from beneath her thin pink pajamas. She was laying on her side with a stone-cold appearance, her legs spread out.

The handcuffs that bound her hands behind her were Yusuke's. More than that, she had been tied to a chair with a towel and should have been detained.

However, those restraints were now undone.

"Did you remove them yourself....?"

As he slowly approaches her, there is no reaction.

"Ooooi..... Tokiko-san.....?"

Grabbing her shoulder and shaking her, there was no reaction. Her eyes were closed as if she returned to being a corpse.

"Is it hibernation? ..... there's no way.."

Yusuke tilts his head.

Zombies that were cold to the touch, that moved inside, the wandered underground; he had seen them before, but this was his first time seeing a zombie stop moving completely.

Sipping his beer, he rocks Tokiko. He strokes her smooth thighs, and entering the hem of her thin pajamas, his hand reaches up to massage her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra, and a soft texture could be felt in the palm of his hand.

"As always, she has nice breasts."

He plays with her breasts in search of a reaction, but as expected, there was none.

"Well, it's fine."

Anyways, by leaving the door open, Yusuke had allowed Tokiko to roam on her own. If she started moving again, she could leave on her own.

Opening the fridge, he removes a large amount of beer cans. Removing the jerky from inside the cupboard, he heads to the back of the apartment.

Opening the curtains in the bedroom, moonlight lights the room.

Taking off his jacket and sitting on top of the bed, Yusuke begins drinking.

Since the rescue helicopter would be arriving the day after tomorrow, he planned on returning to City Hall tomorrow night. Because he wouldn't be there to answer role call, they would notice him missing if he were gone for more than a day. Tomorrow he planned to explore the city.

For that reason, he wanted to get some rest, but because of recent stressful events, he couldn't calm his nerves. He was forcefully calming himself with alcohol.

With the added alcohol, he would be able to numb his brain and his chaotic thoughts would fade.

(You were drinking here too huh....)



Certainly, it was after his second time meeting Mizuki.

He had asked for her body in return for providing food.

After he said that, she looked at him as if she wanted to kill him.

With the start of that horrible relationship, through many twists and turns, they came to live together.

However, that eventually collapsed,

(And so we come back to the beginning huh....)

"Ridiculous."

He opens another beer. Beer after beer, his thoughts are swept away as he drinks.



As he slept, wrapped in the futon, the night went on.

With a creek in the floor, Yusuke's consciousness slowly faded back into reality.

It took him a while to focus his vision.

What entered his vision was Tokiko standing right next to the bed.

Her expressionless face was watching him, dimly lit by the moonlight. With her braided hair dripping over her shoulder, and her hands bound behind her, it emphasized her breasts under her pajamas.

(What the.....?)

Unable to distinguish dream from reality in his current state, Yusuke blankly stares at her.

Suddenly she moves.

Leaning over from beside him, she bites his neck.

(.....!? She's!)

He instantly becomes fully awake.

He let his guard down.

To fall asleep next to a zombie...

Throwing off the futon, he pushes Tokiko away. Losing her footing, she falls onto the bed.

Glancing sideways at her, he reaches up to where he was bitten in search of a wound.

There he noticed something discomfoting.

The place he was bitten didn't hurt, but instead felt wet. Lit by the moonlight, the only thing on his hand was saliva. (TL: bit frisky are we)

(.....it wasn't a bite?)

With her hands bound behind her back, Tokiko was struggling to get on top of him. In a hurry, Yusuke grabs her shoulders, suppressing her.

Tokiko looked at him with clear eyes, as if looking at prey.

(TL: Even in death, a woman's lust for D can not be slated.)

However, unlike when a zombie attacked humans, there was no hostility or malicious intent that could be felt. There was no strength or momentum, to the point where he could suppress her with one hand.

"D, don't get violent!"

Because it looked like his right hand would be bitten, he drew it back in a hurry.

Her intention wasn't clear. Pushing her down on the bed, he straddles her stomach, sealing her movement. With both of her hands bound behind her back, she could no longer do anything.

While Tokiko blankly stares up at him, he looks at her, confirming the situation. Her small tongue was peeking out of her loosely opened lips.

(What happened....)

With Tokiko restrained, she sat there for several minutes.

Finally, he realized what she was trying to do.

It was certain that she was after him as her prey, but what she was after wasn't blood and flesh.

Yusuke tries holding out his hand, and she comes to bite it. Her teeth were gently nibbling on him as her small tongue wet his fingers.

Her tongue wraps around his fingers, licking them as if they were ice. Once one finger becomes clean, she moves to the next.

It was a fondling gesture, but more than that, it felt matter-of-fact.

(She's eating the dirt.....)

Without breaking the skin, she just licks the dirt from the surface.

It was like a dog licking a bone.

(So I'm the bone huh.....)

With the alcohol in his system, he begins to fall back into his hazy state.

The standing hypothesis was that there had been some kind of change in Tokiko, and Yusuke was included as her prey.

However, Yusuke has a body that zombies will not attack.

He was her prey, but she couldn't attack him. As a compromise, she eats the waste off of him.

Most likely she would prefer flesh and blood, but she couldn't act in a way that would hurt him.

(I over reacted.....)

Being attacked by Tokiko was startling. Yusuke lets out a relieved breath.

Tokiko was still continuing her meal.

Looking at it, a beauty was sucking his fingertips.

Watching that scene, Yusuke began heating up.

There was the urge to push her down and have his way with her, but since it had been so long since he'd seen her, he let her do as she pleased.

Lying his head down on a pillow beside the bed, he pulls Tokiko on top of himself. Her soft breasts are pressed into him through her pajamas.

Her tongue moves from his fingertips to his elbows. Her lips stuck to his skin. It tickled as her tongue spread saliva over his arm. With a sound similar to a kitten lapping up milk, her tongue licks and traces across his skin.

Finally reaching his armpit, Tokiko begins awkwardly moving her body.

Tokiko's smooth bare feet comes into contact with his feet. With her chest that was pressed into him shifting lower, it became right over his waist, burying his hardening bulge.

Because he had stripped off his pants when he had gotten into the futon, he could feel her soft breasts through the thin fabric of his boxers. With her firmly pressing her breasts into him, the soft feeling of pleasure made him want to thrust forward and he had to stifle the urge.

He shirt had been pulled up from her movements, and he could now feel the wetness of her tongue on the exposed skin.

(.....the mood has become strange.....)

Clinging onto his waist, her lips moved across his skin.

From his ribs to his abs. She left a trail of saliva while tracing the lines of his muscles. But her lips never went as far as to pleasure him, only leaving a frustrating and tantalizing feeling.

As her tongue neared his belly button, his body tensed. Her lips had covered his entire stomach in sticky saliva.

(.....)

Feeling the warm liquid on him, Yusuke lie there spacing out.

Finally, Tokiko's lips went down to his waist.

Slowly, blow his belly button, to his lower abdomen, until he could feel the hot and muffled air at that place.

After a few seconds, her soft lips brushed against the taut band of his boxers. At the pleasant feeling that ran through him, Yusuke lets out a small breath.

Her lips go further, and her small tongue licks him through his boxers.

It was difficult to keep his voice in, but it didn't last. She soon moved to his inner thigh.

".....Haaa, haaaaa....."

She wasn't really caressing him. She was just having a meal, and Yusuke was selfishly deriving pleasure from it. It was an immoral feeling.

Tokiko's tongue slowly crept up his inner thigh, working its way under the hem of his underwear, nearing his shaft.

(Tha... no..... I haven't bathed lately s.....)

Recently it's been rough. Because it is winter, it didn't stink, but it could not be called clean. In contrast, it became food for Tokiko.

As her tongue reached his balls, his body trembled. As if finding what she was after, she began licking and sucking more fiercely.

Her tongue licked his sack top and bottom. Her slimy lips suck the wrinkles in, thoroughly cleaning it before sucking in a different spot.

Each time her tongue moves, pleasure swirls in his waist, leading up to ejaculation. It builds to the limit and his hardness presses against his underwear, poking out of the top of the hem. Precum leaks onto his



abdomen, and a single touch could send him over the edge.

Once she has licked his sack clean, she trails up the bulge in the underwear, nearing the part that is exposed. It requires all of his concentration not to release the built up stuff as pleasure assaults him.

As her lips reach the top, she traces up the exposed shaft, taking the soft head in her mouth.

He could feel her soft lips wrapping around his shaft.

The itchiness that he had felt as she trailed up his bulge had turned to pleasure. She traces the shape of his member with the tip of her tongue, and rubs it with her lips. Sliding back and forth to scrape off the grime, her tongue hits a sensitive part of the scrotum.

Not being able to suppress the urge to ejaculate any longer, Yusuke grabs her head and thrusts into her mouth as far as he can.

With her hands bound behind her back with handcuffs, her braided hair surrounding her expressionless face and dropping down on the bed, her white breasts peaking through her pajamas, and her thighs spread out across the bed, in the moonlight, her appearance exuded an inhuman lewdness. (TL: the run on is strong)

Thrusting his manhood all the way into the back of her throat would normally have made the person throw up, but that didn't happen as his partner was dead.

As he stretches to the back of her throat, he embraces her head.

Yusuke feels a sucking sensation as Tokiko's throat begins moving in an attempt to swallow what had been lodged there.

".....!"

At that moment, with her throat sucking and rubbing him, the pleasure explodes and he releases his load.

While Yusuke's body was shaking at the pleasure and the release, Tokiko was completely opposite. Her throat just continued to swallow the semen without effort as his member pulsed in her mouth, as if squeezing out the remaining juice, licking the base of his shaft with her tongue.

Yusuke keeps his waist pressed against her until the last of it has been released.

When his is finished, he finally releases Tokiko's head,

"Haaa....."

Breathing roughly, he falls back onto the bed.

He is enveloped by a pleasant fatigue.

Although he had released that much, he was still energetic.

As if she was obsessed with it, Tokiko quickly licks up the remnants of semen left on his abdomen.

At the sight of that,

(Ah..... this huh.....) (TL: "ah.... kore ka.....")

In his clouded consciousness, a thought dawns on him.

Previously when he had shot semen inside her, it had disappeared after about half a day. He didn't think anything about it at that time other than it was convenient.

What would be the result of her absorbing it?

When they eat human flesh, they become smarter. It wouldn't be strange if there was a similar effect with semen.

When he thinks about it, when he came to embrace Tokiko, though it was only small, but she would react.

The signs were there.

(..... I guess I had been the prey since the beginning.....)

He recalls the zombies at the university campus.

However, the atmosphere with her was different from them.

The zombies at the campus would observe you from afar, like predators, but such a feeling could not be felt from Tokiko.

Though it was surprising when he was suddenly attacked, it was more of a playful behavior.

Thinking about it, Yusuke was the only human Tokiko could feed off of. If the stuff the zombie is ingesting is different, then the zombie will be different. There was the possibility of there being additional effects that will occur in the campus zombies as well.

(With that..... there isn't really any meaning in experimenting with Tokiko-chan...)

He thought of using her to find out the strong points and weak points of intellectual zombies as well as behaviors, but as of now, the difference was only this much. At best she could serve as a reference.

(It's about time to say goodbye...)

Thinking that, he finds it regrettable.

Pulling back his waist, he pulls himself from Tokiko's mouth. He was covered in saliva and long strings were stretched between her lips and his shaft.

Resisting the urge to thrust into her once again, he lays her on the bed. Her pajamas had been pulled up, her white belly was exposed. Her lower body was dressed in only white laced panties, and spreading her soft ass, Yusuke enters with his waist.

(TL: This sounds a little strange, basically he is spreading her legs around his waist, not sure why the author says ass....)

Tokiko, both hands bound behind her, looks up at him with empty eyes.

Lifting her thigh with his right hand, the panties are shifted, revealing her opening beneath a thin bush. He slowly enters with his tip.

Covered in saliva, he slowly wet her dry interior as he pushes inside. Every time he pulls back to start again at the entrance, his head hangs up on her walls. Pushing on to the back, the friction creates a tingling sense of pleasure. The flesh of her vagina clings to him as he thrusts into her.

Pushing in to the root, there was a strong tension grabbing him.

He rolls her pajamas up to her neck, exposing her breasts. He buries his fingers in the beautiful mounds that don't even sag from gravity. He lays on top of her, pressing against her soft body while slowly moving his waist.

Soon he feels her licking his ear. Her wet tongue starts at his earlobe, and moves up, tracing the contours of his ear.

It was a strange feeling, and before long, the pleasure builds until he can't bear it. Holding her slim body, he thrusts into her pushing up against the entrance of her uterus,

".....!"

He releases inside her.

As he ejaculates, his waist convulses two, three times; spurting his accumulated liquid.

After letting everything out, he falls asleep with the sensation of Tokiko licking his ear.



"It's no longer evening....."

Yusuke looks up at the red sky in dismay.

The sun had already fallen. The transition from evening to night had cast a red light over the city.

The plan was to get up in the morning and search/explore the city. However, in the end, he had spent the entire time with Tokiko.

Maybe his stress had built up without him noticing. Due to the backlash, he mated like a monkey. (TL: not 100% on this. "saru no youni moritte shimata")

Having expelled all of the poison within himself, he now felt much better; like he did when he first started freely exploring the city.

The rescue helicopter would be coming tomorrow. He had to return to City Hall tonight.

Tokiko stood behind him as he left the entrance of the apartments.

She wore a knit sweater over thin outerwear, a long black skirt with some flare, black leggings, and lace up boots. They were articles he found in her closet.

Because her outfit looked weak to rain, he also took a moss green camouflage raincoat with a hood and put it on her. As this was a men's item, it was a little big. Her over all appearance, with her black hair, solidified her grown-up beauty and made her look pretty cool.

With this, she wouldn't be wandering the city with a disgraceful appearance.

It's not like he didn't have any worries about releasing the semi-intelligent Tokiko to roam the city, but there wasn't anyone in this area.

Everyone in this part of the city was gathered at City Hall, and rescue would be coming for them tomorrow. He had various attachments to her, and couldn't just leave her confined.

"Thank you Tokiko-chan. Take care."

He waved to her, but of course there was no reaction. Remaining silent, her gaze drops to his feet.

Without minding it, Yusuke grips his field bag and walks while pushing his bike.

"Now then..."

Walking along side his bike for a bit, he murmurs.

"How long is she going to follow me...."

Tokiko was quietly following behind him. Not hurrying to catch up and not falling behind, she casually walks behind him.

It's been this way ever since he left her room at the apartments.

After releasing inside her so many times, it was like she was asking for food, but didn't look like she would attack him; it was more like a baby duck following its mother.



Past the station and into downtown, she never parted with him. As expected, he couldn't just let her follow him to City Hall. Speeding up and taking distance, Tokiko seemed to finally give up when he got far away and came to a stop.

Watching her, she turned and went down the stairs of a nearby subway.

".....stay well." (TL: not sure how to translate this, just parting words.)

Waving his hand loosely, Yusuke turns and leaves.

